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Printed for R. WILKINSON in
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READER.

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(it seems) an *Intrigue* of Love carry'd on betwixt a *French Officer*, and a *Nun* in *Portugal*, The Cavalier forsakes his Mistress, and Returns for *France*. The Lady expostulates the Business in Five Letters of Complaint, which She sends after him; and those five Letters are here at your Service. You will find in them the Lively Image of an Extravagant and an Unfortunate Passion; and that a *Woman* may be *Flesh and Blood* in a *Cloyster*, as well as in a *Palace*.

FIVE

Portuguese Letters

TURN'D INTO

ENGLISH.

LETTER I.

OH my Inconsiderate, Improvident, and most Unfortunate Love! and those Treacherous Hopes. that have betray'd both Thee, and Me! The Passion that I design'd for the Blessing of my Life, is become the Torment of it: A Torment answerable to the prodigious Cruelty of his Absence that causes it. Bless me! But must this Absence last for ever? An Absence so Hellish, that Sorrow it self wants Words to express it? Am I then never to see those Eyes again? Those Eyes, that have so often exchang'd Love with mine, to the Charming of my very Soul with Extacy, and Delight; Those Eyes that were ten thousand Worlds to me, and all that I desir'd; the only

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comfortable Light of Mine, which since I understood the Resolution of your Insupportable Departure, have serv'd me only to weep withal, and to lament the sad Approach of my Inevitable Fate. And yet in this Extremity I cannot, methinks, but have some Tenderness, even for the Misfortunes that are of your Creating. My Life was vow'd to you the first time I saw you: And since you would not accept of it as a Present, i am Content to make it a Sacrifice. A Thousand times a day I send my Sighs to hunt you out: And what Return for all my Passionate Disquiets, but the good Counsel of my cross Fortune? That whispers me at every turn; Ah wretched *Mariane*! why do'st thou flatter, and Consume thy self in the vain pursuit of a Creature never to be recover'd? He's gone, he's gone; Irrecoverably gone; h'as past the Seas to fly thee. He's now in *France* dissolv'd in Pleasures; and does no more think of thee, or of what thou suffer'st for his false sake, than if he had never known any such Woman. But hold: Y'have more of Honour in you then to do so ill a thing; and so have I, then to believe it, especially of a Person that I'm so much concern'd to justify. *Forget me?* 'Tis Impossible. My Case is bad enough at best, without the Aggravation of vain Suppositions. No, no: The Care and Pains you took to make me think you lov'd me, and then the Joys That Care gave me, must never be forgotten: And should I love you less this Moment, than when I lov'd you most, (in Confidence that you lov'd me so too) I were Ungrateful. 'Tis an
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unnatural, and a strange thing, methinks; that the Remembrance of those blessed Hours should be now so terrible to me; and that those Delights that were so ravishing in the Enjoyment, should become so bitter in the Reflection. Your last Letter gave me such a Passion of the Heart, as if it would have forc'd its way thorough my Breast and follow'd you. It laid me three Hours senseless: I wish it had been *dead*; for I had Then dy'd of Love. But I reviv'd: and to what End? only to die again, and lose that Life for you, which you your self did not think worth the saving. Beside that there's no Rest for me, while you're Away, any where but in the Grave. This Fit was follow'd with other Ill Accidents which I shall never be without till I see you: In the mean while, I bear them; and without repining too, because they came from you. But with your Leave: Is this the Recompence that you intend me? Is this your way of treating those that love you? Tho' 'tis no Matter; for (do what you will) I am resolv'd to be firm to you to my last Gasps; and never to see the Eyes of any other Mortal. Nay, I dare assure you that it will not be the worse for you neither, if you never set your Heart upon any other Woman: For certainly a Passion under the degree of mine, will never content you. You may find more Beauty perhaps elsewhere; (tho the time was when you found no fault with mine) but you shall never meet with so true a Heart; and all the rest is nothing.

Let me entreat you not to stuff your Letters with things Unprofitable, and Impertinent to our Affairs: and you may save your self the trouble too of desiring me to THINK of you. Why 'tis Impossible for me to forget you: And I must not forget the hope you gave me neither of your Return, and of spending some part of your time here with us in *Portugal*. Alas! and why not your whole Life rather? If I could but find any way to deliver my self from this unlucky Cloyster, I should hardly stand gaping here for the performance of your Promise; but in defiance of all Opposition, put my self upon the March, Search you out, follow you, and love you throughout the whole World. It is not that I please my self with this Project as a thing feasible, or that I would so much as entertain any hope of Comfort; (tho' in the very delusion I might find pleasure)-but as it is my Lot to be Miserable, I will be only sensible of that which is my Doom. And yet after all this, I cannot deny, but upon this Opportunity of Writing to you which my Brother has given me, I was surpriz'd with some faint Glimmerings of Delight, that yielded me a temporary Respite to the horror of my Despair. Tell me I conjure you; what was it that made you so solicitous to entangle me, when you knew you were to leave me? And why so bloodily bent to make me Unhappy? Why could you not let me alone at quiet in my Cloyster as you found me? Did I ever do you any Injury?

But

But I must ask your Pardon ; for I lay nothing to your Charge. I am not in Condition to meditate a Revenge : And I can only complain of the Rigour of my Perverse Fortune. When she has parted our Bodies, she has done her worst, and left us nothing more to fear : Our Hearts are inseparable ; for those whom Love has United are never to be divided. As you tender my Soul let me hear often from you. I have a Right me-thinks to the Knowledge, both of your Heart, and of your Fortune ; and to your Care to inform me of it too. But *What-ever you do, be sure to come ; and above all things in the World, to let me see you. Adieu.* And yet I cannot quit this Paper yet. Oh that I could but convey my self in the Place on't ! Mad fool that I am, to talk at this rate of a thing that I my self know to be Impossible ! *Adieu.* For I can go no farther. *Adieu.* Do but love me for ever, and I care not what I endure.

LET-

LETTER II.

THere is so great a difference betwixt the Love I write, and That which I feel, that if you measure the One by the Other, I have undone my self. Oh how happy were I if you could but judge of my Passion by the violence of your own! But That I perceive is not to be the Rule betwixt you and me. Give me leave however to tell you with an honest freedom, that tho' you cannot love me, you do very ill yet to treat me at this Barbarous Rate: It puts me out of my Wits to see my self forgotten; and it is as little for your Credit perhaps, as it is for my Quiet. Or if I may not say that you are Unjust it is yet the most Reasonable thing in the World to let me tell you that I am Miserable. I foresaw what it would come to, upon the very Instant of your Resolution to leave me. Weak Woman that I was! to expect (after this) that you should have more Honour, and Integrity than other Men, because I had unquestionably deserv'd it from you, by a transcendent degree of Affection above the Love of other Women. No, no; your Levity, and Aversion have over-rul'd your Gratitude, and Justice; you are my Enemy by Inclination: Whereas only the Kindness of your Disposition can Oblige me

me. Nay, your Love it self, if it were barely grounded upon my Loving of you, could never make me happy. But so far am I even from that Pretence, that in six Months I have not received one Silable from you ; which I must impute to the blind fondness of my own Passion, for I should otherwise have foreseen that my Comforts were to be but Temporary, and my Love Everlasting. For why should I think that you would ever content your self to spend your whole Lfie in *Portugal* ; and relinquish your Country and your Fortune, only to think of me ? Alas my Sorrows are Inconsolable, and the very Remembrance of my past Enjoyments makes up a great part of my present pain. But must all my hopes be blasted then, and fruitless ? Why may not I yet live to see you again within these Walls, and with all those Transports of Extacy, and Satisfaction, as heretofore ? But how I fool my self ! for I find now that the Passion which on my side, took up all the Faculties of my Soul and Body, was only excited on your part by some loose Pleasures, and that they were to live and die together. It should have been my Business, even in the Nick of those Critical, and Blessed Minutes, to have Reason'd my self into the Moderation of so Charming and Deadly an Excess, and to have told my self before-hand, the fate which I now suffer. But my Thoughts were too much taken up with you to consider my self ; So that I was not in Condition to attend the Care of my Repose, or to bethink my self of what might Poison it, and Disappoint me of the
full

full Improvement of the most Ardent Instances of your Affection. I was too much pleas'd with you, to think of parting with you, and yet you may remember, that I told you now and then by Fits, that you would be the Ruin of me. But those Fancies were soon dispers'd; and I was glad to yield them up too; and to give up my self to Enchantments of your false Oaths and Protestations. I see very well the Remedy of all my Misfortunes, and that I should quickly be at Ease if I could leave Loving you. But Alas! That were a Remedy worse than the Disease. No, no; I'll rather endure any thing than forget you. Nor could I if I would. 'Tis a thing that did never so much as enter into my Thought. But is not your Condition now the worse of the two? Is it not better to endure what I now suffer, than to enjoy Your faint satisfactions among your *French* Mistresses? I am so far from Envyng your Indifference, that I Pity it. I desie you to forget me absolutely: And I am deceiv'd if I have not taken such a Course with you, that you shall never be perfectly happy without me. Nay perhaps I am at this Instant, the less miserable of the two; in regard that I am the more employed. They have lately made me a Door-keeper here in this Convent. All the People that talk to me think me Mad; for I answer them I know not what; and certainly, the rest of the Convent must be as Mad as I, they would never else have thought me capable of any Trust. How do I Envy the good Fortune of poor *Emanuel* and *Francisco*! Why cannot I be with
you

you perpetually as they are? Tho' in your Liberty too; I should follow you as close without dispute, and serve you at least as faithfully; for there is nothing in this World that I so much desire as to see you: But however, let me entreat you to think of me; and I shall Content my self, with a bare place in your Memory. And yet I cannot tell neither, whether I should or no; for I know very well that when I saw you every day I should hardly have satisfy'd my self within these Bounds. But you have taught me since, that whatsoever you will have me do, I must do. In the *Interim*, I do not at all repent of my Passion for you; Nay, I am well enough satisfied, that you have seduced me.; and your Absence it self, tho' never so Rigorous, and perhaps Eternal, does not at all lessen the vigour of my Love, which I will avow to the whole World, for I make no secret on't. I have done many things irregularly, 'tis true, and against the Common Rules of Good Manners, and not without taking some Glory in them neither, because they were done for your Sake. My Honour and Religion, are brought only to serve the Turn of my Love, and to carry me on to my Lives end, in the Passionate Continuance of the Affection I have begun. I do not write this, to draw a Letter from you; wherefore never force your self for the matter, for I will receive nothing at your Hands; no, not so much as any Mark of your Affection, unless it comes of its own accord, and in a manner, whether you will or No. If it may give you any Satisfaction,

to

to save your self the trouble of Writing, it shall give me some likewise, to excuse the Unkindness of it; for I am wonderfully inclin'd to pass over all your Faults. A *French* Officer, that had the Charity this Morning to hold me at least three Hours in a Discourse of you, tells me that *France* has made a Peace. If it be so, Why cannot you bestow a Visit upon me, and take Me away with You? But 'tis more than I deserve, and it must be as you please; for my Love does not at all depend upon Your manner of treating me. Since you went away, I have not had one Minutes Health, nor any sort of Pleasure, but in the Accents of Your Name, which I call upon a Thousand times a Day. Some of my Companions that understand the deplorable Ruin you have brought upon me, are so good as to entertain me many times concerning you. I keep as close to my Chamber as is possible, which is the dearer to me, even for the many Visits you have made me there. Your Picture I have perpetually before me, and I Love it more than my Hearts Blood; the very counterfeits gives me some Comfort; but oh the Horrors too! When I consider that the Original, for ought I know, is lost for ever. But why should it be possible, even to be possible, that I may never see you more? Have you forsaken me then for ever? It turns my Brains to think on't. Poor *Mariana*! But my Spirits fail me, and I shall scarce out-live this Letter? — Mercy — Farewel, Farewel.

L E T T E R

LETTER III.

WHAT shall become of me? Or what will you advise me to do? How strangely am I disappointed in all my Expectations! Where are the Letters from you? The Long and Kind Letters that I look'd for by every Post? To keep me alive in the Hopes of Seeing You again; and in the Confidence of your Faith, and Justice; to settle me in some tolerable state of Repose, without being abandon'd to any insupportable Extream. I had once cast my Thoughts upon some Idle Projects of endeavouring my own Cure, in case I could but once assure my self that I was totally forgotten. The distance you were at; certain Impulses of Devotion; the fear of utterly destroying the Remainder of my imperfect Health, by so many restless Nights, and Cares; the Improbability of your Return, the Coldness of your Passion, and the Formality of your last *Adieu's*; Your Weak, and Frivolous Pretences for your Departure: These, with a Thousand other Considerations, (of more Weight than Profit) did all concur to encourage me in my Design, if I should find it necessary. In fine, having only my single self to Encounter, I could not doubt of the Success, nor could it enter into my Apprehension

hension what I feel at this Day. Alas ! how wretched is my Condition, that am not allow'd so much as to divide the Sorrows with you, of which you your self, are the Cause ? You are the Offender, and I am to bear the Punishment of your Crime. It strikes me to the very Heart, for fear you, that are now so insensible of my Torments. were never much affected with our mutual Delights. Yes, yes, 'tis now a clear Case, that your whole Address to me was only an Artificial Disguise. You betray'd me as often as you told me, how over-joy'd you were, that you had got me alone, and your Passions, and Transports were only the Effects of my own Importunities : Yours was a deliberate design to Fool me ; Your Business was to make a Conquest, not a Friend ; and to triumph over my Heart, without ever engaging or hazarding your own. Are not you very unhappy now, and (at least) ill-natur'd, if not ill-bred, only to make this wretched use of so Superlative a Friendship ? Who would have thought it possible that such a Love as mine, should not have made you happy ? 'Tis for your Sake alone if I am troubled for the infinite Delights that you have lost, and might as easily have enjoy'd, had you but thought them worth the while. Ah ! if you did but understand them aright, you would find a great difference betwixt the Pleasure of Obliging me, and that of Abusing me ; and betwixt the Charming Felicities of Loving violently, and of being so Beloved. I do not know either what I am, or what I do, or what I would be at. I am torn to pieces
by

by a Thousand contrary Motions, and in a Condition deplorable beyond Imagination. I love you to Death, and so tenderly too, that I dare hardly wish your Heart in the same condition with mine. I should destroy my self, or die with Grief, could I believe your Nights and Thoughts, as restless as I find Mine, your Life as Anxious and Disturb'd, your Eyes still flowing, and all Things and People Odious to you. Alas ! I am hardly able to bear up under my own Misfortunes ; how should I then Support the Weight of yours ; which would be a thousand times more grievous to me ? And yet all this While I cannot bring my self to advise you, not to think of me. And to deal freely with you, there is not any thing in *France* that you take pleasure in, or that comes near your heart, but I'm most furiously jealous of it. I do not know what 'tis I write for. Perhaps you'll pity me ; but what good will that pity do me ? I'll none on't. Oh how I hate my self, when I consider what I have forfeited to oblige you ! I have blasted my Reputation, I have lost my Parents ; I have expos'd my self to the Laws of my Country against Persons of my Profession ; and finally, to your Ingratitude, the worst of my Misfortunes. But why do I pretend to a Remorse, when at this instant, I should be glad with all my Soul, if I had run Ten Thousand greater hazards for your dear Sake ? And for the danger of my Life and Honour ; the very thought on't is a kind of doleful Pleasure to me, and all's no more than the delivery of what's your own, and

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what I hold most precious, into your Disposition; and I do not know how all these Risques could have been better employ'd. Upon the whole matter, every thing displeases me, my Love, my Misfortune; and alas! I cannot perswade my self that I am well us'd even by You. And yet I Live, (false as I am) and take as much pains to preserve my Life, as to lose it. Why do I not die of shame then, and shew you the despair of my Heart, as well as of my Letters? If I had lov'd you so much as I have told you a thousand times I did, I had been in my Grave long e'er this. But I have deluded you, and the Cause of Complaint is now on your side. Alas! why did you not tell me of it? Did I not see you go away? Am I not out of all hopes of ever seeing you again? And am I yet alive? I have betray'd you, and I beg your pardon, but do not grant it though; treat me as severely as you will; tell me that my Passion is Weak and Irresolute. Make your self yet harder to be pleas'd. Write me Word that you would have me die for you. Do it, I conjure you; and assist me in the Work of surmounting the Infirmary of my Sex; and that I may put an end to all my fruitless deliberations, by an effectual despair. A Tragical Conclusion would undoubtedly bring me often into your Thoughts, and make my Memory dear to you. And who knows how you might be Affected, with the Bravery of so Glorious a Death? A Death Incomparably to be preferr'd before the Life that you have left me. Farewel then; and *I wish I had never seen*

seen the Eyes of you. But my Heart contradicts my Pen ; for I feel in the very moment that I write it, that I would rather chuse to Love you in any state of Misery, than agree to the bare Supposition that I had never seen you. Wherefore since you do not think fit to mend my Fortune, I shall chearfully submit to the worst on't. *Adieu*; but first promise me, that if I die of grief, you will have some tenderness for my Ashes: Or at least, that the Generosity of my Passion shall put you out of Love with all other things. This Consolation, shall satisfy me, that if you must never be mine, I may be secured that you shall never be anothers. You cannot be so inhumane sure, as to make a mean use of my most Affectionate Despairs, and to recommend your self to any other Woman, by shewing the Power you have had upon me. Once more, *Adieu*. My Letters are long, and I fear troublesome ; but I hope you'll forgive them, and dispense with the Foole-ries of a Sot of your own making. *Adieu*. Methinks I run over and over too often, with the Story of my most deplorable Condition: Give me leave now, to thank you from the bottom of my Heart, for the Miseries you have brought upon me, and to detest the Tranquility I liv'd in, before I knew you. My Passion is greater every Moment than o-ther. *Adieu*. Oh what a World of things have I to tell you.

LETTER IV.

YOUR Lieutenant tells me, that you were forc'd by foul Weather, to put in upon the Coast of *Algarve*. I am afraid the Sea does not agree with you; and my Fears for your Misfortunes make me almost to forget my own. Can you imagine your Lieutenant to be more concern'd in what befalls you, than I am? If not, how comes he to be so well inform'd, and not one syllable to me? If you could never find the means of Writing to me since you went, I am very Unhappy? But I am more so, if you could have written and would not. But what should a body expect from so much Ingratitude, and Injustice? And yet it would break my Heart, if Heaven should punish you upon any Account of mine; for I had much rather gratify my Kindness than my Revenge. There can be nothing clearer, than that you neither Love me, nor care what becomes of me; and yet am I so foolish, as to follow the Dictate of a blind, and belott'd Passion, in opposition to the counsels of a demonstrative Reason. This Coldness of yours, when you and I were first Acquainted, would have sav'd me many a sorrowful Thought. But where's the Woman, that in my Place, would have
done

done otherwise than I did? Who would ever have question'd the Truth, of so pressing and artificial an Importunity? We cannot easily bring our selves to suspect the Faith of those we Love. I know very well, that a slender Excuse will serve your turn; and I'll be so kind as to save you even the Labour of that too, by telling you, that I can never consent to conclude you guilty, but in order to the infinite Pleasure I shall take to acquit you, in perswading my self that you are Innocent. It was the Assiduity of your Conversation that refin'd me; your Passion that inflam'd me; your good Humour that charm'd me; your Oaths and Vows that confirm'd me; but it 'twas my own precipitate Inclination that seduc'd me; And what's the issue of these fair and promising beginnings, but Sighs, Tears, and Disquiets, nay, and the worst of Deaths to, without either Hope or Remedy? The Delights of my Love, I must confess, have been strangely surprizing; but follow'd with Miseries not to be express'd: (as whatever comes from you works upon me in Extreame.) If I had either obstinately oppos'd your Address; or done any thing to put you out of Humour, or make you jealous, with a design to draw you on: If I had gon any Crafty, Artificial ways to work with you; or but so much as check'd my early, and my growing Inclinations to comply with you, (tho' it would have been to no purpose at all) you might have had some Colour then, to make use of your Power, and deal with me accordingly. But so far was

I from opposing your Passion, that I prevented it; for I had a kindness for your Person, before you ever told me any thing of your Love; and you had no sooner declar'd it, but with all the Joy imaginable I receiv'd it, and gave my self up wholly to that Inclination. You had at that time, your Eyes in your Head, tho' I was Blind. Why would you let me go on then to make my self the miserable Creature which now I am? Why would you train me on to all those Extravagances, which to a Person of your indifference must needs have been very Importune? You knew well enough, that you were not to be always in *Portugal*; Why must I then be singl'd out from all the rest, to be made thus Unfortunate? In this Country, without dispute, you might have found out handsomer Women than my self, that would have serv'd your turn every jot as well (to your course purpose) and that would have been true to you as far as they could have seen you, without breaking their Hearts for you, when you were gon; and such as you might have forsaken at last, without either Falseness or Cruelty: Do you call this the Tenderneſs of a Lover, or the Persecution of a Tyrant? And 'tis but destroying of your own neither. You are just as easy, I find, to believe ill of me, as I have always been to think better of you than you have deserv'd. Had you but Lov'd me half so well as I do you, you would never have parted with me upon so easie Terms. I should have master'd greater Difficulties, and

and never have upbraided you with the Obligation neither. Your Reasons, 'tis true, were very feeble, but if they had been the strongest imaginable, it had been all one to me: For nothing but Death it self could ever have torn me from you. Your Return into *France*, was nothing in the World but a pretext of your own contriving. *There was a Vessel (you said) that was thither bound.* And why could not you let that Vessel take her Course? *Your Relations sent for you away.* You are no stranger sure to the Persecution, that for your Sake, I have suffer'd from mine. *Your Honour (forsooth) engag'd you to forsake me.* Why did you not think of that scruple, when you deluded me to the loss of mine? *Well, but you must go back to serve your Prince.* His Majesty, I presume, would have excus'd you in that point; for I cannot learn that he has any need of your Service. But alas! I should have been too happy, if you and I might have Liv'd and Died together. This only Comfort I have; in the bitterness of our deadly Separation, That I was never False to you; and that for the whole World I would not have my Conscience tainted with so black a Crime. But can you then, that know the integrity of my Soul, and the Tenderness that I have for you; can you (I say) find in your Heart to abandon me for ever, and expose me to the Terrors that attend my wretched Condition? Never so much as to think of me again, but only when you are to Sacrifice me to a new Passion. My Love, you see, has distracted me; and

yet I make no complaint at all of the violence of it; for I am so wonted to Persecutions, that I have discover'd a kind of Pleasure in them, which I would not live without, and which I enjoy, while I love you, in the middle of a thousand Afflictions. The most grievous part of my Calamity, is the Hatred, and Disgust that you have given me for all other things: My Friends, my Kindred, the Convent it self is grown intollerable to me; and whatsoever I am oblig'd either to see or to do, is become Odious. I am grown so jealous of my Passion, that methinks all my Actions, and all my Duties, ought to have some regard to you. Nay, every Moment that is not employ'd upon your Service, my Conscience checks me for it, either as misbestow'd, or cast away. My Heart is full of Love and Hatred; and, alas! what should I do without it? Should I survive this restlessness of Thought, to lead a Life of more Tranquility and Ease, such an Emptiness, and such an Insensibility could never consist. Every Creature takes notice how strangely I am chang'd in my Humour, my Manners, and in my Person. My Mother takes me to task about it: One while she speaks me fair, and then she chides me, and asks me what I ail? I do not well know what answers I have made her; but I fancy that I have told her all. The most severe, even of the Religious themselves, take pity of me, and bear with my Condition. The whole World is touch'd with my Misfortunes, your single self excepted, as wholly unconcern'd: Either you are not pleas'd to
write

write at all, or else your Letters are so cold, so stuff'd with Repetitions; the Paper not half full, and your Constraint so grossly disguis'd, that one may see with half an Eye the pain you are in till they are over. *Dona Brites* would not let me be quiet the other day, till she had got me out of my Chamber, on to the Balcon that looks (you know) toward *Mertola*; she did it to oblige me, and I follow'd her: But the very sight of the Place struck me with so terrible an Impression, that it set me a Crying the whole Day after. Upon this, she took me back again, and I threw my self upon my Bed, where I pass'd a thousand Reflections upon the despairs of my Recovery. I am the worse I find, for that which People do to relieve me; and the Remedies they offer me, do but serve to aggravate my Miseries. Many a time have I seen you pass by from this Balcon; (and the sight pleas'd me but too well) and there was I that fatal Day, when I first found my self strook with this unhappy Passion. Methought you look'd as if you had a Mind to Oblige me, even before you knew me; and your Eye was more upon me than the rest of the Company. And when you made a stop, I fool'd my self to think, that it was meant to me too, that I might take a fuller view of you, and see how every thing became you. Upon giving your Horse the Spur (I remember) my Heart was at my Mouth for fear of an untoward Leap you put him upon. In fine, I could not but secretly concern my self in all your Actions; and as you was no longer indifferent to me, so I took
several

several things to my self also from you, and as done in my Favour. I need not tell you the sequel of Matters, (not that I care who knows it) nor would I willingly write the whole Story, lest I should make you thought more culpable (if possible) than in Effect (perhaps) you are. Beside, that it might furnish your Vanity with subject of Reproach, by shewing that all my Labours and Endeavours to make sure of you, could not yet keep you from forsaking me. But what a Fool am I, in thinking to work more upon your Ingratitude, with Letters and Invectives, than ever I could with my infinite Love, and the Liberty that attended it! No, no, I am too sure of my ill Fortnne, and you are too unjust to make me doubt of it; and since I find my self deserted, what mischief is there in Nature, which I am not to fear? But are your Charms only to work upon me? Why may not other Women look upon you with my Eyes? I should be well enough content perhaps, to find more of my Sex (in some Degree) of my Opinion; and that all the Ladies of *France* had an Esteem for you, provided that none of them either doted upon you, or pleased you: This is a most ridiculous, and an impossible Proposition; but there's no danger (I may speak it upon sad Experience) of your troubling your Head long with any one thing; and you will forget me easily enough, without the Help of being forc'd to it by a new Passion. So infinitely do I Love you, that (since I am to lose you) I could e'en wish that you had had some fairer

fairer colour for't. It is true, that it would have made me more miserable ; but you should have had less to answer for then. You'll stay in *France*, I perceive, in perfect Freedom, and perhaps not much to your Satisfaction ; the Incommodities of a long Voyage ; some Punctilio's of Good Manners ; and the fear of not returning Love for Love, may perchance keep you there. Oh, you may safely trust me in this Case : Let me but only see you now and then, and know that we are both of us in the same Country, it shall content me. But why do I flatter my self ? Who knows, but that the Rigour and Severity of some other Woman may come to prevail upon you, more than all my Favours ? Tho' I cannot believe you yet to be a Person that will be wrought upon by ill usage.

Before you come to engage in any powerful Passion, let me entreat you to bethink your self of the Excess of my Sorrows ; the Uncertainty of my Purposes ; the Distraction of my Thoughts ; the Extravagance of my Letters ; the Trusts I have Repos'd in you ; my Despairs, my Wishes, and my Jealousies. Alas ! I am afraid that you are about to make your self unfortunate. Take warning, I beg of you, by my Example, and make some use to your self of the Miseries that I endure for you. I remember you told me in Confidence, (and in great Earnest too) some five or six Months ago, that you had once a Passion for a *French Lady*. If she be any Obstacle to your Return, deal frankly with me, and put me out of my
Pain.

Pain. It will be a kind of Mercy to me, if the faint hope which yet supports me, must never take effect, even to lose my Life, and that together. Pray'send me her Picture, and some of her Letters. and write me all she says. I shall find Something there undoubtedly, that will make me either better or worse. In the Condition that I am, I cannot long continue; and any change whatsoever must be to my Advantage. I should take it kindly if you would send me your Brothers, and your Sisters Pictures too. Whatsoever is dear to you, must be so to me; and I am a very faithful Servant to any thing that is related to you: And it cannot be otherwise; for you have left me no Power at all to dispose of my self. Sometimes methinks I could submit to wait upon the Woman that you Love. So low am I brought by your Scorns, and ill Usage, that I dare not so much as say to my self, *Methinks I might be allowed to be jealous, without displeasing you.* Nay, I chide my self as the most mistaken Creature in the World to blame you; and I am manytimes convinc'd that I ought not to Importune you as I do, with those Passages and Thoughts which you are pleas'd to disown.

The Officer that waits for this Letter, grows a little impatient: I had once resolv'd to keep it clear from any possibility of giving you Offence. But it is broken out into Extravagances, and 'tis time to put an end to't. But Alas! I have not the Heart to give it over: When I write to you, methinks I speak to
you;

you; and our Letters bring us nearer together. The first shall be neither so long nor so troublesome, but you may venture to open it, and read it, upon the Assurance that I now give you. I am not to entertain you, I know, with a Passion that displeases you, and you shall hear no more on't. It is now a Year, within a few Days, that I have deliver'd my self wholly up to you, without any Reserve. Your Love, I took to be both Warm and Sincere: And I could never have thought you would have been so weary of my Favours, as to take a Voyage of Five Hundred Leagues; and run the hazards of Rocks and Pirates, only to avoid them. This is a Treatment that certainly I never deserv'd at any Man's Hands. You can call to mind, my Shame, my Confusion, and my Disorders; but you have forgotten the Obligations you had to Love me, even in despite of your Aversion. The Officer calls upon me now the fourth time for my Letter. He will go away without it, he says, and presses me, as if he were running away from another Mistress. Farewel. You had not half the difficulty to leave me, (tho' perhaps for ever) which I have only to part with this Letter. But *Adieu*. There are a Thousand tender Names that I could call you now; but I dare not deliver my self up to the Freedom of Writing my Thoughts. You are a thousand times dearer to me than my Life, and a thousand times more than I imagine too. Never was any thing so Barbarous, and so much Belov'd. I must needs tell you once again, that you do
not

not write to me. But I am now going to begin afresh, and *the Officer will be gone.* Well, and what matters it? Let him go. 'Tis not so much for your Sake that I write, as my own, for my business is only to divert and entertain my self: Beside that, the very Length of this Letter, will make you afraid on't: And you'll never read it thorough neither. What have I done, to draw all these Miseries upon me? And why should you, of all others, be the Poisoner of my Peace, and blast the Comfort of my Life? Why was I not born in some other Country? Forgive me, and Farewel. See but to what a miserable Point I am reduc'd, when I dare not so much as intreat you to Love me. *Adieu.*

LET

LETTER V.

YOU will find, I hope, by the different Air and Stile of this Letter, from all my Former, that I have chang'd my Thoughts too ; and you are to take this, for an Eternal farewell ; for I am now at length perfectly convinc'd, that since I have irrecoverably lost your Love, I can no longer justify my own. Whatsoever I had of Yours, shall be sent you by the first Opportunity: There shall be no more Writing in the Case; no, not so much as your Name upon the Packet. *Dona Bites* is a Person whom I can trust as my own Soul, and whom I have entrusted (as you know very well) Unfortunate Wretch that I am! in Confidence of another Quality betwixt you and me. I have left it to her Care to see your Picture and your Bracelets dispatch'd away to you, (those once beloved Pledges of your Kindness) and only in due time, to assure me that you have receiv'd them. Would you believe me now, if I should swear to you, that within these five Days, I have been at least fifty times upon the very point of Burning the One, and of Tearing the Other into a Million of Pieces? But You have found me too easy a fool, to think me capable of so Generous an Indignation. If I could but vex you a little
in

in the Story of my Misfortunes ; it would be some sort of abatement, methinks, to the Cruelty of them. Those Bawbles (I must confess, both to Your Shame and Mine) went nearer my Heart, than I am willing to tell You, and when it came to the pinch of Parting with them, I found it the hardest thing in the World to go thorow with it : So Mortal a Tenderness had I for any thing of Yours, even at that instant, when you your self seem'd to be the most Indifferent thing in Nature : But there's no resisting the Force of Necessity and Reason. This Resolution has cost me Many and Many a Tear ; a Thousand and a Thousand Agonies and Distractions, more than you can imagine ; and more, Undoubtedly, than you shall ever hear of from me. *Dona Brites* (I say) has them in Charge ; upon Condition, never to name them to me again ; no, not so much as to give me a sight of them, tho' I should beg for't upon my Knees ; but, in fine, to hasten them away, without one Sillable to me of their going.

If it had not been for this Trial to get the Mastery of my Passion, I should never have understood the force of it ; and if I could have foreseen the Pains and the Hazards of the Encounter, I am afraid that I should never have ventur'd upon the Attempt ; for I am verily perswaded, that I could much better have Supported your Ingratitude it self, tho' never so Foul and Odious, than the deadly, deadly Thought of this irrevocable Separation. And it is not your Person neither, that is so dear to me, but the Dignity of My unalterable Affection.

fection. My Soul is strangely divided ; Your Falseness makes me abhor you, and yet at the same time my Love, my Obstinate, and Invincible Love, will not consent to part with you.

What a Blessing were it to me now, if I were but endu'd with the common Quality of other Women, and only Proud enough to despise you ? Alas ! Your Contempt I have born already : Nay, had it been your Hatred, or the most Raging Jealousie ; all this, compar'd with your Indifference, had been a Mercy to me. By the impertinent Professions, and the most ridiculous Civilities of your last Letter, I find that all mine are come to your Hand ; and that you have read them over too, but as unconcern'd, as if you, forsooth, had no Interest at all in the Matter. Sot that I am, to lie thus at the Mercy of an Insensible and Ungrateful Creature ; and to be as much afflicted now at the Certainty of the Arrival of those Papers, as I was before, for fear of their Miscarriage ! What have I to do with your telling me the *TRUTH OF THINGS* ? Who desired to know it ? Or the *SINCERITY* you talk of ; a thing you never practis'd toward me, but to my Mischief. Why could you not let me alone in my Ignorance ? Who bad you Write ? Miserable Woman that I am ! Methinks after so much pains taken already to delude me to my Ruin, you might have strain'd one point more in this Extremity, to deceive me to my Advantage, without pretending to excuse your self. 'Tis too late to tell you that I have cast away many a tender Thought, upon the Worst of Men ; the most Oblig'd, and
C the

the most Unthankful. Let it suffice, that I know you now, as well as if I were in the Heart of you. The only Favour that I have now to desire from you, after so many done for you, is this: (and I hope you will not refuse it me) Write no more to me; and remember that I have conjur'd you never to do it. Do all that is possible for you to do, (if ever you had any Love for me) to make me absolutely forget you. For, Alas! I dare not trust myself in any sort of Correspondence with you. The least hint in the World of any kind Reflection upon the reading of this Letter, would perchance expose me to a Relapse; and then the taking of me at my Word, on the other side, would most certainly transport me into an Extravagance of Choler, and Despair. So that in my Opinion, it will be your best course not to meddle at all with Me, or my Affairs; for which way so ever you go to Work, it must inevitably bring a great disorder upon both. I have no curiosity to know the Success of this Letter: Methinks the Sorrows you have brought upon me already, might abundantly content you (even if your Design were never so malicious) without disturbing me in my Preparations for my future Peace. Do but leave me in my uncertainty, and I will not yet despair, in time, of arriving at some degree of Quiet. This I dare promise you, that I shall never hate you; for I am too great an Enemy to violent Resolutions, ever to go about it. Who knows but I may yet live to find a truer Friend than I have lost? But, alas! What signifies any Man's Love to me, if I cannot

not Love him? Why should his Passion work more upon my Heart, than mine could upon Yours? I have, found by sad Experience, that the first Motions of Love, which we are more properly said to feel, than to Understand, are never to be forgotten: That our Souls are perpetually intent, upon the Idol which we our selves have made; that the first Wounds, and the first Images are never to be cur'd or defac'd: That all the Passions that pretend to succour us, either by Diversion, or Satisfaction, are but so many vain Promises of bringing us to our Wits again, which if once lost, are never to be recover'd: And that all the Pleasures that we pursue, (many times without any desire of finding them) amount to no more, than to convince us, that nothing is so dear to us, as the Remembrance of our Sorrows. Why must you pitch upon me, for the Subject of an Imperfect and Tormenting Inclination, which I can neither relinquish with Temper, nor preserve with Honour? The dismal Consequences of an Impetuous Love, which is not Mutual: And why is it, that by a Conspiracy of Blind Affection and Inexorable Fate, we are still Condemn'd to Love where we are Despis'd, and to Hate where we are Belov'd?

But what if I could flatter my self with the Hope of diverting my Miseries by any other Engagement? I am so sensible of my own Condition, that I should make a very great scruple of using any other Mortal as you have treated me: And tho' I am not conscious of any Obligation to spare you; yet if it were in

my Power to take my Revenge upon you by changing you for any other, (a thing very Unlikely) I could never agree to the gratifying of my Passion that way.

I am now telling my self in your behalf, that it is not reasonable to expect, that the Simplicity of the Religious, should confine the Inclinations of a Cavalier. And yet methinks, if a Body might be allow'd to Reason upon the Actions of Love, a Man should rather fix upon a Mistress in a Convent, than any where else. For they have nothing there to hinder them from being perpetually intent upon their Passion : Whereas in the World, there are a thousand Fooleries and Amusements, that either take up their Thoughts intirely, or at least divert them. And what Pleasure is it (or rather how great a Torment, if a Body be not Stupid) for a Man to see the Woman that he Loves, in a continual Hurry of Delights; taken up with Ceremony and Visits; no Discourses but of Balls, Dresses, Walks, &c. which must needs expose him every Hour to fresh Jealousies? Who can secure himself, that Women are not better satisfied with these Entertainments, than they ought to be? Even to the Disgusting of their own Husbands. How can any Man pretend to Love, who without examining Particulars, contentedly believes what's told him, and looks upon his Mistress, under all these Circumstances, with Confidence and Quiet? It is not that I am now arguing my self into a Title to your Kindness, for this is not a way to do my Business, especially, after the Tryal of a much more probable

bable Method, and to as little purpose. No,
 no; I know my Destiny too well, and there's
 no struggling with it. My whole Life is to be
 miserable. It was so, when I saw you every
 Day; when we were together, for fear of
 your Infidelity; and at a distance, because I
 could not endure you out of my sight: My
 Heart ak'd every time you came into the Con-
 vent: And my very Life was at stake, when
 you were in the Army: It put me out of all
 Patience, to consider that neither my Person,
 nor Condition were worthy of you: I was
 afraid that your Pretensions to me might turn
 to your Damage: I could not Love you e-
 nough me-thought: I liv'd in daily Appre-
 hension of some Mischief or other from my
 Parents: So that upon the Whole Matter, my
 Case was not much better at that time, than it
 is at present. Nay, had you but given me
 the least Proof of your Affection since you left
Portugal, I should most certainly have made
 my Escape, and follow'd you in a Disguise.
 And what would have become of me then,
 after the loss of my Honour, and my Friends,
 to see my self abandon'd in *France*? What a
 Confusion should I have been in? What a
 plunge should I have been at? What an Infa-
 my should I have brought upon my Family,
 which I do assure you, since I left Loving of
 you, is very dear to me. Take notice I pray'e,
 that in Cold Thoughts, I am very sensible that
 I might have been much more miserable than
 I am; and that once in my Life, I have talk'd
 Reason to you; but whether my Moderation
 pleases you, or not; and what Opinion soever

you entertain of me, I beseech you keep it to your self. I have desired you already, and I do now re-conjure you, never to Write to me again.

Methinks you should sometimes reflect upon the Injuries you have done me ; and upon your Ingratitude to the most Generous Obligations in Nature. I have lov'd you to the Degree of Madness ; and to the Contempt of all other Things and Mortals. You have not dealt with me like a Man of Honour. Nothing but a Natural Aversion could have kept you even from Adoring me. Never was any Woman bewitch'd upon so easy Terms. What did you ever do, that might entitle you to my Favour ? What did you ever lose, or but so much as hazard for my Sake ? Have you not entertain'd your self, with a Thousand other Delights ? No, not so much as a Set at Tennis, or a Hunting-match, that you would ever forbear upon any Account of mine. Were you not still the first that went to the Army, and the last that came back again ? Were you ever the more careful of your Person there, because I begg'd it of you, as the greatest Blessing of my Soul ? Did you ever so much as offer at the Establishment of your Fortune in *Portugal* ? A place where you were so much esteem'd. But one single Letter of your Brother's hurry'd you away, without so much as a Moments time to consider of it ; and I am certainly inform'd too, that you were never in better humour in your whole Life, than upon that Voyage. You your self cannot deny, but that I have Reason to hate you above all Men living ; and yet, in effect, I may thank my self ;
for

for I have drawn all these Calamities upon my own Head. I dealt too openly and plainly with you at first : I gave you my Heart too soon. It is not Love alone that begets Love ; there must be Skill and Address ; for it is Artifice, and not Passion, that creates Affection. Your first design was, to make me Love you, and there was not any thing in the World which you would not then have done, to compass that End : Nay, rather than fail, I am perswaded You would have lov'd Me too, if you had judg'd it necessary. But you found out easier ways to do your Business, and so thought it better to let the Love alone. Perfidious Man ! Can you ever think to carry off this Affront, without being call'd to an account for't ? If ever you set Foot in *Portugal* again ; I do declare it to you, that I'll deliver you up to the Revenge of my Parents. It is a long time that I have now liv'd in a kind of Licensious Idolatry, and the Conscience of it strikes me with Horrour, and an Insupportable Remorse ; I am confounded with the Shame of what I have done for your Sake ; and I have no longer (alas !) the Passion that kept the foulness of it from my Sight. Shall this tormented Heart of mine never find ease ? Ah barbarous Man ? When shall I see the End of this Oppression ? And yet after all this, I cannot find in my Heart to wish you any sort of Harm ? Nay, in my Conscience, I could be yet well enough content to see you happy ; which, as the Case stands, is utterly impossible.

Within a While, you may yet, perhaps, receive another Letter from me, to shew you

that I have out-liv'd all your Outrages, and Philosophis'd my self into a State of Repose. Oh what a Pleasure it will be to me, when I shall be able to tell you of your Ingratitude, and Treacheries, without being any longer concern'd at them my self ! When I shall be able to discourse of You with Scorn : When I shall have forgotten all my Griefs and Pleasures, and not so much as think of Your self, but when I have a mind to't.

That you have had the better of me, 'tis true; for I have lov'd you to the very loss of my Reason: But it is no less true, that you have not much cause to be proud on't. Alas ! I was Young and Credulous : Cloyster'd up from a Child ; and only wonted to a rude and disagreeable sort of People. I never knew what belong'd to fine Words and Flatteries, till (most unfortunately) I came acquainted with You : And all the Charms and Beauties you so often told me of, I only look'd upon as the Obliging Mistakes of Your Civility and Bounty. You had a good Character in the World ; I heard every Body Speak well of You : And to all this, you made it your Business to engage me ; but you have now (I thank you for't) brought me to my self again, and not without great need of your Assistance. Your two last Letters I am resolv'd to keep, and to read them over oftner than ever I did any of the former, for fear of a Relapse. You may well afford them, I am sure, at the Price that they have cost me. Oh how happy might I have been, if you would but have given me leave to Love you for ever : I know very well, that be-
twixt

twixt my Indignation, and your Infidelity, my present Thoughts are in great disorder. But remember what I tell you ; I am not yet out of hope of a more peaceable Condition, which I will either Compass, or take some other course with my self ; which I presume, you will be well enough content to hear of. But I will never have any thing more to do with you. I am a Fool for saying the same things over and over again so often. I must leave you, and not so much as think of you. Now do I begin to fancy that I shall not write to you again for all this, for what necessity is there, that I must be telling of you at every turn, how my Pulse beats ?

T H E E N D.

Del. Cavalier.

F I V E
LOVE-LETTERS

Written by a

CAVALIER

In Answer to the

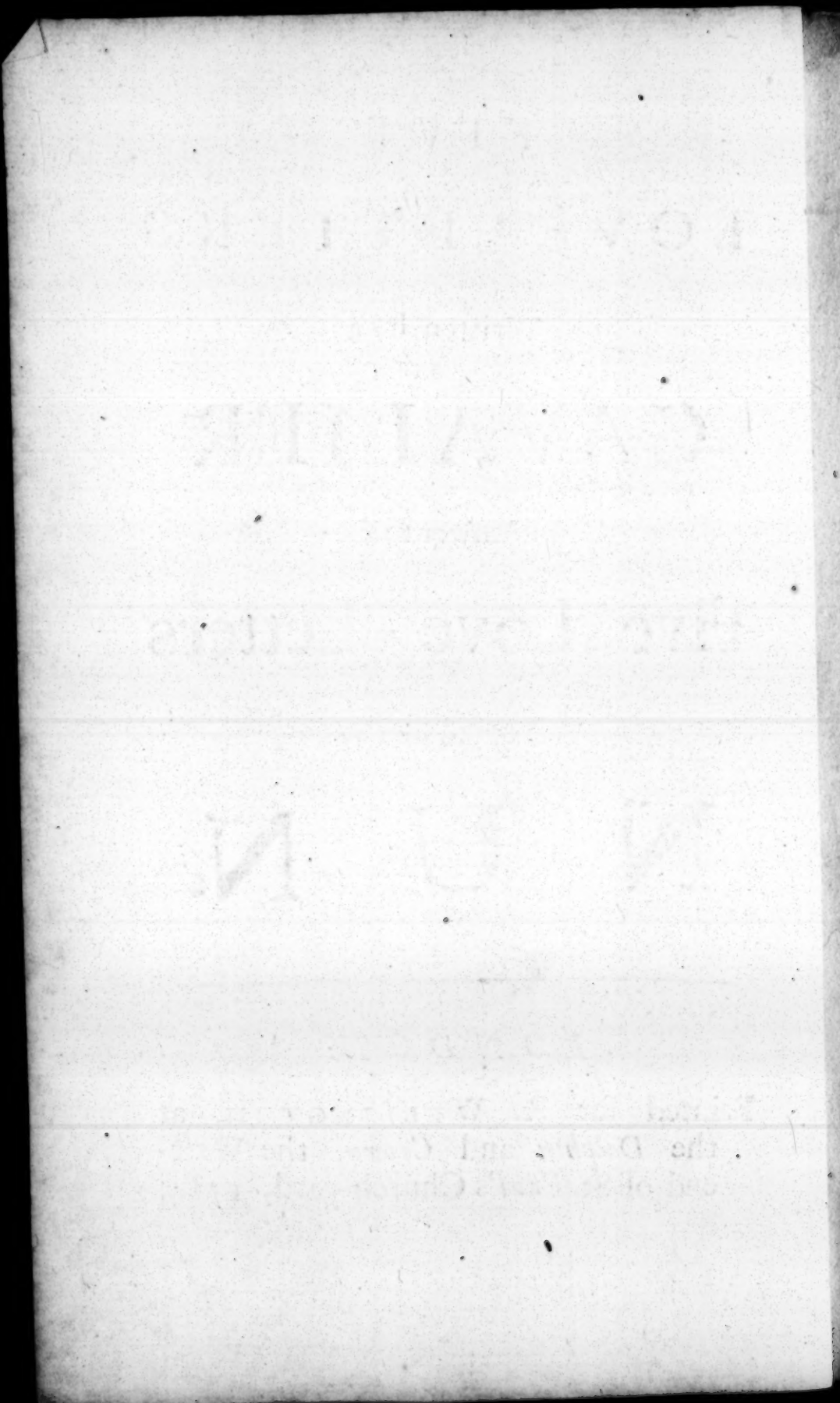
Five Love - Letters

Written to him by a

N U N.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. WELLINGTON, at
the *Dolphin* and *Crown*, the West-
end of *St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1714.



THE
ANSWERS
OF THE
Chevalier D E L,
TO THE
Letters of GALLANTRY
FROM A
NUN in PORTUGAL.

LETTER I.

I Confess you express the Passion you have for me, in Terms so sweet and endearing, that I should be the most insensate thing in the World, not to be touch'd to the Quick; the Testimonies you gave me of your Love the first time I had the Honour to see you, were Marks too plain and certain for me, not to be fully convinced of it: It may be need-
less

less for me to repeat them by Resentments so
 expressive of your Tenderness, that will but
 afflict a poor miserable Lover, who thinks of
 nothing but you, who neither breaths nor
 sees (one Moment of his Life) but for you.
 You are the most sweet delightful Idea of his
 Imagination, which continually flatters and
 pleases my Soul and Senses. I sleep neither
 Night nor Day; or if it happen, that Sleep
 close my Eyes but for one Moment, 'tis only to
 torment me the more, by representing you to
 my Imagination in some pleasant Dreams: Ah!
 I would to God that those Amorous Dreams
 had either never come into my Fancy; or, that
 they would continue always with me when A-
 wake. But what (unfortunate that I am) do
 I say! Ah! I betray my Passion, I reprove my
 self, I am pleased with my Sufferings, I find it
 pleasant to suffer for the most *Lovely Object*,
 the most charming Person in the World.
 These are the true Sentiments of my Soul, and
 you have always appear'd such to me from the
 first Moment I had the Happiness to see you,
 and to conceive a Passion so violent for you,
 that I have ever since happily Languish'd in
 your Chains: Judge you then if your Love has
 wanted a Prophetick Fore-knowledge of me;
 no, no, you are not betray'd, your Hopes are
 founded upon a Person will not be wanting to
 you to the very last Moment of his Life; I
 know your Passion is Extream, and that my
 Absence must be severe to you, but it cannot
 cause more Torment to you, than your Ab-
 sence causes Grief and Unhappiness to me; and
 I hope my return will not give you more Sa-
 tisfaction,

tisfaction, than your Presence will give me Joy and Pleasure. Take Courage *Madam*, and Mitigate your Grief, and let it not be too Ingenious in Tormenting you for a Person who is wholly yours, and depends wholly upon you. I hope I shall see again the charming brightness of those Eyes which makes up all my Pleasures, and the whole Felicity of my Life; let those bright Eyes be *reanimate*, and resume their Native Lustre, and cease to obscure themselves with Tears; be assured, they shall see that Person again you have so Earnestly Wish'd for. If my Remoteness be grievous to you, yours must be much more to me, since it has made me die a Thousand times a Day for you. The Present of so fair a Life as Yours, is well worth the Receiving, and sufficient to make me extream happy; but, I beseech you speak not of Sacrificing it to me, who have nothing in me to merit so noble a Sacrifice, unless it be the Quality of being a Lover perfectly and intirely yours; and by Vertue of that sweet Title, I presume to accept it, and to make a perfect Sacrifice of mine to you. I know well enough you continually send your Sighs towards me, and I send mine to you every Moment; yours make me sensible of your Uneasiness, and mine declare my Love, which shall last eternally, and should make you hope, that the Day will come shall give an end to your Sorrow. Forbear then (I beseech you *Madam*) to torment your self any longer, and be assured, that the most delicious Pleasures of *France*, are no other than severe Punishments to me, when I consider my Unhappi-
ness

ness, by being thus distant from you : I know you are fully perswaded of my Tendernefs for you, by your Acknowledgments, and your repeated remembrances of the very Affectionate Passion I have had for you, and the Services I have done you ; they are inconsiderable in regard of my Love, which is infinitely beyond any thing I could ever do for you, to express it aright. The least acknowledgment of it from you, is a thousand times of more value, than all the Cares imaginable the most perfect Lover can undergo to serve you ; and let not my past Cares and Sorrows give you any further trouble, but rather let those I am now going afresh to give you Testimony of, have a Room in your Thoughts ; neither mind my last Letter, but rather think of this I have now sent you ; this you have reason to rejoyce as much for, as the former have occasioned your Disquiet and Trouble. For my part, I do assure you, I never was more surpris'd, than when I had news of your last, and that through the excess of my Joy and Love, I fell into a Swoon which I continu'd in for above three hours, in the midst of a great number of the most Beautiful Ladies of that Country ; but all that is nothing to the Resentments I have at this time for your Sufferings thro' my absence ; and I can assure you, that withal my heart I participate of all the Evils, all the different Indispositions and Passions you are subject to, which are as so many Darts that every moment do pierce and tear my heart, and the more sweet and pleasant the remembrance of your Love and Perfections are to me,

me, the more I am overwhelm'd with grief for the trouble you endure. But to what purpose do you complain any longer of the Evils you suffer in loving me? What can I do more, than to adore you all my days, and sacrifice my Life to you, as I continually do? These are the so delightful Terms which you make use of to express your Love for me; and as for me, I am extreemly troubled that I cannot *in terms more affectionate*, express my tenderness for you. I am resolved wholly to follow your so affectionate sentiments of Love, and to consecrate all my own to you alone, which no other Person living shall partake of; they are all for you, and have not the least regard for any other but your self; and I faithfully assure you, my Soul shall never vent one poor Sigh but for you. It is not possible for me to love a Person more perfect or more accomplish'd: The sole merit of your Beauty and your Love should give you all the assurance imaginable, that I never shall have Inclination for any other than your self. Believe me (*Madam*) that when I quitted *Portugal*, it was for the grief I had, that I could not with freedom enough converse with you in your unlucky Cloyster. I made you believe, I should stay some time with you; I know very well, 'twas too short a time; but since you desire it, I'll spend my whole Life there: I will find out the means to accomplish your desires, and to render you all the Respects and Adorations I owe you, as the fairest and most perfect and absolute Mistress of my Soul: I will certainly make good this truth, and put an end to all the Grievs and Unhappiness of us both. I

was overjoyed he knew that the Letter I received from your Brother, has given some respite to your trouble ; it has also given me a great deal of Comfort. I know your Passion was occasion'd by me, but you must acknowledg I had no less for you ; and if I have made you unhappy, I have made my self unhappy also, by quitting you ; but it shall not be for any long time, neither my Remoteness from you, nor your Cloyster, shall hinder me to love you, and to come near you : That place holds a Treasure which belongs to none but my self ; this you shall know at my Return, and in the mean time you may assure your self of it by my Letters ; our unhappy destiny separates us but for a time, but Love has united our Hearts for ever. I will write often to you, to shew you my concern for the Conservation of your Life, and that I suffer the same Torments with you, and all to give you assurance, that my Love is come to the highest pitch imaginable. Adieu ! I can do no more : I keep your Letter with more care and dearness than my Life, I kiss it a thousand times a day, and I would to God you could as well embrace yours. I hope (one day) it will be, and that that Destiny will unite us, which has thus separated us. Adieu ! the Pen drops out of my Hand ; I wait for your Answer with Impatience ; conserve your Friendship for me, and believe I shall not return into *Portugal* but for your deliverance from the Sufferings you lie under for my sake, who am absolutely yours, and a thousand times more yours than my own.

LETTER

LETTER II.

YOU do me injury in accusing me of having dealt unkindly by you, and of having quite forgotten you; I cannot believe you have really such thoughts of me; or if it be so, 'tis because you have not yet received my Letter, which when you have, I perswade myself you will be quite of another mind. I can do no less now than endeavour to undeceive you, by declaring always, and by all means the strong Passion I have for you; I should be the most perfidious Lover in the World, if (after so great and sweet Testimonies I have given you of my Passion, and you have given me of yours) I should not persevere in my Love. Yes, *Madam*, do me right, and believe I am and ever shall be the same, this distance does but inflame me the more, and causes me so rigorous a torment, as makes me easily judge (by my own suffering) of the violence of yours; forbear then to afflict your self any longer, and forget that despair you are in, unless you have a mind utterly to kill a poor miserable Creature, who has no other thing in his Thoughts, but your self continually; whose Grievs you infinitely augment, by the increase of your own, and the Complaints you make of me. Ah! Why did I ever see you; or having seen you,

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why

why had not you less Love and less Beauty ?
 But what shall I say, unhappy that I am ? No,
 no, I would not for a Thousand such Lives as
 mine is, have been depriv'd of the Happiness
 of seeing you, since that view has compleated
 my Felicity. I am ravish'd with it ; and tho'
 I suffer by being thus removed from you, yet
 it causes Torments so amiable and pleasing
 to me, that I cannot, without Injustice, com-
 plain of them ; or if I do complain, 'tis be-
 cause I am sensible of your Sufferings, and of
 the Complaints you make against a Person,
 who dedicates to you every Moment of his
 Life. Do not injure me with so shameful
 Reproaches, that I have abus'd you, 'tis un-
 worthy an Honest Man and a Faithful Lover ;
 you ought by the tenderness I have for you,
 to be perswaded, that my procedure is ground-
 ed upon a greater Faithfulness and Generosity.
 The Excess of my Love, should set you above
 all these mean Suspitions. As you are the
 most agreeable and the most perfect Lover in
 the World, so do you merit more Fidelity and
 Love, than is to be found in all the Lovers of
 the whole World besides. But to what end
 do you tell me that I betray you ? Is that
 the justice you do my Love ? And will you
 destroy my Life by Means so rigorous and in-
 jurious ? What have I done to you, that you
 should have such Sentiments of me ? Have I
 wanted Fidelity towards you ? Have you
 found any Indifference and Coldness in me ?
 Have I done you any Unkindness ? I would
 rather have chose to Die a poor Death, than
 in any manner to have disobligh'd you in the
 least

least degree. You tell me you have not heard from me this six Months; you shou'd rather accuse the Infidelity of the Messenger, since I have written twice to you in that time, and not the easy blind fondness you believe you were guilty of in Loving me. Our Pleasures are not yet at an end, or if they be interrupted, 'tis but for a short season, you shall yet one day see me again in *Portugal*, and you may rest assured, that I will, with all my Soul, renounce and quit all my Kindred, Estate, and my Country, to devote my self intirely to you. If your Grievs are real and true, your Desires and Longings shall not be fruitless and vain. I hope to have Enjoyment of your Sweetness and Happy Charms in your Chamber, sooner than you can believe with all the Ardour and Passion you can desire from my Love; and that our Pleasures shall continue so without Interruption, even to the end of our Lives. Chear then your self (*Madam*) with this happy hope of enjoying more than ever the most gustful and delicious Effects of our Love. I remember you have told me, that I have made you unhappy, that is but for a short season; for after our being thus sever'd for a while, our Meeting will make us excessively joyous, and our Enjoyments will be infinitely the more pleasant and delightful: Let us not then seek after any other Remedies for our Evils, than the hope of seeing one the other as soon as may be. If we suffer, let us suffer with mutual Consent and Agreement: You tell me, I am more to blame than you, your Love is grown excessive, but I am not; or if I

be so, they are not my Mistresses in *France*
 that make me unhappy, since you are the only
 Mistress I intirely devote my self to, and this
 Truth, which comes from my Heart, I conjure
 you to be absolutely convinced of; if you
 have any pity for me, you'll believe my Un-
 happiness proceeds from the Love I bear you,
 and not the Indifference whereof you accuse
 me; that were to do Injustice to my Passion:
 But 'tis with good reason that you flatter your
 self in the belief that my Pleasures and Enjoy-
 ments cannot but be imperfect without you,
 since I have no other than this single Consola-
 tion of having all my Thoughts, Passions, and
 Affections, wholly taken up with you conti-
 nually, as yours are with me. I am extreemly
 joyed to know that you are become Porter of
 your Convent: 'Tis a most certain means of
 bringing our Intentions to good Effect, but
 enjoyn you to keep your Love more private
 and secret than you have done hitherto, to
 the end we may be able to continue it with
 more assurance and undisturbed. Envy not
 the happiness of *Emanuel* and *Francisco*; they
 are but my Lacquies, whom I should have but
 little Consideration of, if they had not been
 recommended by you; but for your self, you
 are the true and only Mistress of my Heart and
 Soul. I wou'd to God that you were with
 me as they are, how happy should I then be,
 since my ambition, my whole desire and long-
 ing of my Soul is no more than to serve you,
 and to live and die with you. I confess I make
 use of no other terms than the same you do
 to give me Testimony and Assurance of your
 Love;

Love; for where is it possible for me to find Expressions more sweet and more sincere than those which come from your Heart? If I repeat them; I do it to assure you, that I do not desire only to have you in my Memory eternally, but also to have full Possession of you while my Life lasts, in the place where you wish and most desire; I sacrifice my self to you, with the same Zeal you declare your self towards me; I love you, I adore you with all my Soul. Do not fancy your self Seduced because of my long Absence, it shall soon be at an end, and you shall know the contrary of what you have hitherto believed of me. The Transports of my Passion, are, at least, equal with those of yours; nor let it trouble you at all that you have divulged your Love contrary to the Opinion the World hath of Honour and your Religion. — On the other side, as it is a great perfection to Love, so we have this Advantage and Consolation, that we have brought our Love to the highest pitch of Perfection. I conjure you to believe my Passion is equal with yours, and that I (by the same measures with you) place all my Religion and good Fortune in loving you to the utmost, maugre all Hazards or Ill-opinions of the World. You afflict me when you tell me you would not have me Write to you, unless I did it Unconstrain'd. Tell me (I beseech you) is it possible for me ever to deny my self so much, or put that restraint upon my self, as not to Write to you, and give you an Account of my self, and assure you that I adore you as the most perfect and

accomplish'd Person of all Humane Race? Why do you tell me you take pleasure in Excusing and Pardoning me? If I be not in condition to do something for your Service. Do you think 'tis possible for me to forget you? I am never better pleased than when I think of you, and take Pen in hand to Write to you, nor more dissatisfy'd than when I lay it a side; I am infinitely oblig'd to that worthy Gentleman, who was so generous to entertain you so long upon my Account; assure your self, that when ever there is Peace in *France*, I will give you the Satisfaction you desire from me, and that you shall see that delightful Country, as soon as I can possibly bring you thither. Adieu! Comfort your self, preserve my Health in preserving your own; as my Picture supplies with you the room of my Person, so does yours with me hold the place of the Person most dear to me, until our happy destiny shall bring us together. Adieu! I will never forsake you. Adieu! I make an end; believe me I suffer all the Evils you do, but I conjure you not to share with me (in any degree) of mine, for fear you increase your own.

LETTER

LETTER III.

NOW it is that I am lost in despair, finding my Letters have not been deliver'd you. My God, what shall I do? Or what will become of me? If my last Letter came not to you, how comes it that I receive yours, and that you receive not mine? I confess that you are happily remov'd from all (the mischief) you have foreseen; but if one (at least) of my Letters can have fallen into your Hand, it will be some comfort to you for my so much regretted Absence? Doubt not (I beseech you *Madam*) but that I have answer'd with all fervent and passionate Expressions of my Love, all your Letters I receiv'd; and believe me, I will not fail for the future, to Write by such hands as shall not deceive me, and give you all assurance of my Passion; no, no, I shall never forget you, I love you with too much Ardour to be guilty of it; do not you put an end to your Love sooner than I shall to mine; put an end rather to your Languishing Disquiets, and assure your self, that at my Return, you shall enjoy all those sweet Delights you expect from my Conversation. Vex your self no longer, I am endeavouring to clear and disembarrafs my self of all my most pressing Affairs, that I may hasten to your Succour. Ha! Why do

do I complain to you, whom I know to be so uneasy upon my account, and my self am so extream Unhappy, and that you have no knowledge of all those Tortures and Griefs which ravage my Soul, and as so many Darts, mortally wound me. Bless me! What a rack and torture 'tis to me, to be unhappy to this degree, that my Letters never come at you. It makes me die with Grief, 'tis unsufferable, I cannot bear it; my Unhappiness is come to the height, and I know now very well, 'tis not without reason that you question my Fidelity; lay what you please to my Charge, I am content, and you may treat me with all sorts of Rigour, since I have nothing to say, and cannot justify my self; in the mean time, God is my Witness, I have never betraid you, and that I never enjoyed more pleasure and satisfaction than when I have been alone with you; Reproach me not with saying all my Cares to serve you proceeded from your Importunities. ——— You owe them wholly to your own Merit, and to the true Love I have for you: I never lov'd or esteem'd you otherwise than as the most perfect and most accomplish'd Person in the World, and when I enflam'd and made a Slave of your Heart (as you tell me) I did no more than you have done by me; if you have made me happy in giving me infinite Pleasures, I still hope I shall one day find the very same Grace and Favour from you, with the same height of Satisfaction, and with Transports as sweet and ravishing, as those you were formerly pleas'd to *express*. Have Patience, and suffer not your self to be agitated with

with so many various Passions and Disturbances; if you love me to extremity with a most passionate Love, I love you beyond all Expression. 'Tis you only that wholly and solely possess my Heart, and I dare not tell you, that I am continually agitated with the like Transports and Passions with you, for fear I should drive you to utter Despair. I know very well your Anxiety and Grief is excessive, by reason of my Absence; but should not the hope I give you of coming to you very speedily, diminish and mitigate your Sadness and Anxieties? Call to mind the Promise and Protestations of constant Love and Fidelity I have made you, and you cannot but Live with more Satisfaction and Joy. I approve of, and love your Jealousy, 'tis an infallible Mark of your Tenderness and Love for me; tho' you may be Jealous upon a wrong ground, for I never was in Love with any but you: I dare not tell you, you have brought me into a Mortal Despair, to find you reduced to so sad an Extremity, by villifying the Zeal I have for you; nevertheless I am sure you will change your Note, when you shall have understood my procedure. Put an end to your Afflictions, and repent you not of having loved a Man who is wholly your Acquisition and Property. Your Reputation is not lost by loving me; nor shall the severity of your Parents, nor the rigour of the Laws of your Country, ever be able to hinder me from making you as happy for your whole Life, as your own Heart can wish. I know the means for me not to appear ungrateful to you hereafter for the Love you bear me: If you
have

have hazarded all for my Sake, I will also abandon all for yours. Have patience then but for a little while, and please and support your self with the hope I give you, you shall find in the Issue that the Aim and End of my Promises will succeed to your Wishes. I believe (because you tell me so) that the despair you are in for me is much greater in your Heart than you can express by your Letters; is this the reason that you will not conceal your Love from me, because you believe I have not discharged my self of my Duty in Writing to you? But I hope this Letter will disabuse and free you of the ill opinion you have of me. The Love and Respect I have for you, tells me continually, that I intirely belong to you, and that Heaven has made us one for the other. The Sentiments I have from you, are the most kindest and tender that any one can possibly have for the dearest and most faithful constant Mistress; preserve your self then for my Sake, that we may mutually enjoy the sweetest and most pleasant delights, when I shall become so happy as to possess you: Allay those miserable Transports wherewith you are Agitated. Oh! tell me no more of that Tragical end you expect my by means; that Thought destroys me out-right, it makes me die with Horrour and Amazement; I am not capable of having Sentiments so cruel; the Passions I have for you is so strong, that I cannot but love you to all extremity till Death. Destroy not your self, by afflicting your self thus; but preserve that happy and fair Life which is so dear to me, and by that means, you will also preserve mine;
 afflict

afflict me no longer, and take compassion on me, in having pity for your self. I am so sensibly touch'd for you, that if you shall Die for my sake, I would not Survive you one Moment. The violent Passion you express for me, gives me aversion and disgust to all things, embitters all my Enjoyments, for fear any ill should, by that means, happen to you. Fear not that I shall ever quit you for any other Mistress; 'tis a sort of ill Nature, indeed Cruelty, that I am not capable of. I can make no other use of your Passions, than to animate me the more to love you, and not to Triumph and Glorify my self in the advantage you pretend I have over you, to the end I may render my self more amiable to some other Mistress. No, I love you not for Ostentation, or any such unworthy purpose; I am not so Proud, nor am I so ill-natur'd or ill-bred, to become so Base, none but Fools deal so; Your sweet Disposition, your Virtue, and other Perfections, merit a treatment the most Tender and Respectful: You know I always endeavour'd all I could to hide our Love, lest I should offend or disoblige you; I never have more Satisfaction and Joy than when I read your Letters, I find nothing so charming; you believe them long and tedious, but I find them so short, that I conjure you to lengthen them a great deal for the future. Say not you are beside your self, you are too discreet in your Love, and too prudent in every thing else, to give your self that ill quality; and since I am thus infinitely happy in having your Letters come safe to me, I beseech you continue

tinue that happiness to me in Writing often,
 that I may have a fellow-feeling and share with
 you in your Griefs, and dismiss that Despair
 you tell me I have caused in you, that you may
 live in Tranquility for the future. Adieu! If
 your Love increases every Moment, mine is
 come to the highest degree of Passion and Vio-
 lence. Adieu! I shall die of Grief, if you
 do not as soon as possible let me know those
 many things you have to say to me; I pray
 God with all my Soul, this Letter may be
 safely deliver'd you, to testify the ardour of
 my Passion for you. Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER IV.

I Am extreamply satisfied to find my Lieutenant hath been to wait on you from me, and has given you an account of me ; I am infinitely obliged to you, for the care and tenderness you have for me, I conjure you to believe I have the same reciprocally for you. Do not apprehend that any ill befel me in my Voyage by Sea, it was very pleasant to me, and I suffer'd very little by it ; I had written to you as well as to my Lieutenant, but I was afraid that what I should then Write, as well as what I had formerly writ, might not come safe to you, and for that reason I deferr'd it. I hope you will certainly receive this I now send you, for the Gentleman that carries it is my very good Friend ; if I have notice by the next of yours, that you have not heard from me, I will not stay one moment, but come away and comfort you. I never fail'd writing to you, and answering your Letters when ever I had opportunity so to do. I must own and look upon my self as the most unhappy of all Lovers (tho' the most faithful) since you never receiv'd my Letters ; I know not what more to do than still (as formerly) declare and give you all assurance possible of my most *Hond and Tender Love* for you. But to what end do you write so often to me, since
my

my Answers never come at you ? It is necessary, and I will continue writing to you, for I am never better satisfied, nor do I breathe with so much ease at any time, as when I have a Pen in hand to write to you ; but I am become heartless and miserable, and seem ready to die as soon as I lay it aside. When you write to me I am even ready to die both for Grief and Joy, without being able to die out-right ; I die for Grief to find you so afflicted by your not receiving my Letters ; I die for Joy when ever I receive yours : I preserve your Letters with more care and tenderness, than I do my own Person, as the proper gages of your Love, which I shall give you a faithful account of when I shall be fully happy to see you. I acknowledge you have reason to treat me as Ungrateful, since you receive no Answer from me ; but I perswade my self you will have other Thoughts of me, when I have undeceived you. I have always concerved the same fondness I ever had for you, and have given you proof of in your Chamber. My Life, my Estate, my Honour, my All is yours, and depend of you ; I sacrifice all to you, I love you, believe me, I adore you with all my Soul ; I conjure you not to question it in the least. Complain not for the future of my want of concern or any Passionate Affection for you ; I have the same extream fondness for you as formerly ; how unhappy am I that I cannot tell you my Thoughts face to face. What sure Testimonies wou'd you then have of my Love ? But then there would be no need of any ; my Languishing Eyes and Countenance full of Love, would
make

make you easily read the Passion which has thus inflam'd my heat. Spare all these disquiets you give your self upon my account, and know that my procedure is the very same with that I made appear to you, in the most happy days of our first Conversation. You are not abused : My affectionate Concern and Passion for you have always been sincere, and shall ever be so during my Life. Do not suspect my Fidelity, I love you most tenderly: I can make you no Excuse for the Negligence you charge me with, I am no ways to blame in that matter : I love you with too much fervency to be guilty of it; and you have reason to justify me upon that occasion your self. I acknowledge that my assiduous Attendances, my Transports, Complaisance, my Oaths, my violent Inclination to you, and my so agreeable and happy Beginnings, may have altogether charmed and inflamed you; but notwithstanding you are not seduced. 'Tis vain for you to shed so many Tears, since I persevere and am still the same, your most faithful and constant Lover. If you have tasted abundance of Pleasure in Loving me, I hope you shall for the future enjoy as much and much more. End then your Griefs, and allay those passionate emotions which distract your Soul. Have some pity on me. I find my self dying with Despair, when you assure me you suffer so much for me. You need not tell me you stood not out, nor resisted my Love with any stubbornness, I know very well you did not; you never gave me the least occasion of Chagrin or Jealousy to *inflame me* the more, or make my

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Passion

Passion the more earnest; that is an assured
 mark of the free and natural kindness and
 tenderness you have for me; and 'tis that does
 oblige me to love you, and to adore you e-
 ternally: I at once both admire and love that
 Ingenious Freedom without Artifice, and that
 most Obliging Conduct of your love towards
 me without Disguise. Ah! how happy am I?
 A *Sweetness* so great and delightful; an *Incli-
 nation* so tender, free, and natural; a *Love* so
 perfect; and a *Beauty* so accomplish'd; how
 infinitely am I am your Debtor, for so many
 great and fair Perfections which concenter
 in you? Since you were pleased to Sacrifice
 them to me every day, with so much Tender-
 ness and Ardour; I should be the most ungrate-
 ful and perfidious of all *Lovers*, if I had not a
 due Sence, and should not make due Acknow-
 ledgments of them; I am thoroughly sensible of
 them, and if you were perswaded thereof, du-
 ring the time I had the honour of your Con-
 versation, you will find your self much more
 perswaded thereof for the future. How sweet
 are the marks of your Love and Favour to me,
 when you tell me I appear'd lovely to you, be-
 fore ever I had told you I loved you, and that
 you were inclin'd and even rapt to love me,
 even to the utmost degree of Passion, how
 great the Zeal, how great the Complaisance,
 or rather what Excess of Love was it in you?
 And how great was my Happiness and Good
 Fortune, to know so excellent a Person was so
 passionately in Love with me? What returns
 of Thanks do I not owe you? And what Ex-
 pressions can I possibly use to declare a Passion
 answerable

answerable to yours ? You confound me — and my Love, tho' never so Ingenious, cannot find terms expressive enough of the Ardour of my Zeal to answer those, whereby you declare your Affection for me. I shall only say this, that the Transports of my Passion are inconceivable, and that I love you infinitely.

Tho' these Expressions speak a great deal, I know well they say but little to what you deserve ; nevertheless you may thereby be assured, that you have not been deceived as you believe, since I love you with an equal and reciprocal Kindness with all my Soul. Those tender Passions of yours, have always appeared to me so sweet and agreeable, that I have always been Charmed with them. I believe I have made a worthy choice in *Portugal*, when I prefer'd you before any other Person, for the *Object of my Love*, and for all your other Perfections, having always resolved after my return to Live and Die with you. Do not then accuse me any more of Cruelty, and call me no longer a Tyrant ; I exercise no Rigour towards you ; all you can pretend is but imaginary, caused by your not receiving my Letters ; it is true, you made but little resistance to my Love, and by a particular and most endearing goodness, you were easily willing to close with and fasten your self to me : However, complain not that I have quitted you, I had pressing Reasons at that time to part with you, but as strong as they were, I should not have done it, unless you had consented ; neither the Vessels then bound for *France*, nor my Family, nor my Honour, no, nor the Ser-

vice of my King's (whom I revere) should ever have oblig'd me to absent my self from you, if your self had not permitted me so to do. Did not you know that I am wholly yours? Why did you not then stay me? You had no more to do than to agree to the offer I made you of staying, I should have consented to it with all the Joy imaginable: But we have this to comfort us both, that the time of my return draws near, and that you shall see the Fears and Affrightments you are in, lest I should never come to you again, soon dissipated. Never let such Apprehensions trouble you, and since you love with so much Passion, let it be without Grief and Anxieties; quit the Aversion and Disgust you have to every thing; torment your self no longer, let your Kindred, Friends and Convent, serve to comfort you, and convert every thing that (thro' your excess of Melancholy) you have made matter of Affliction to you, into matter of Recreation and Comfort, and not of Torment and Suffering; assure your self, that if you employ all the moments of your life for me, I do the very same for you; as your Heart is full of Love, let not the Dislike and Aversion you have for every thing, cohabit there; live in all Tranquillity, and repose, and let not your Life be miserable and languishing any longer; keep your Passion close and undiscoverable till my return, that your Mother, your Relations, and your fellow Nuns, may be disabused. If all the World is concern'd for your Love, I conjure you to believe that I think my self much more interested and concern'd

concern'd than all the World besides. My Letters are not so cool and indifferent as you take them to be ; 'tis because your Mind is prepossessed with Excess of Love that you imagine so. If they are not so long as you wish to have them, 'twas because I believ'd I had said a great deal in a few Words: I assure you, I never had more Pleasure than when I was Writing to you: Loving to perfection as you do, you ought not to afflict your self: Divert your Spirit then from all anxious Imaginations, and give truce to your Grievs: Let that Balcony, where *Dona Brises* and you used sometimes to walk together, be a subject of Joy to you, since 'twas there the Passion which inflames you, had its Birth, which I have always by all Testimonies possibly answered, with all tenderness. You were in no mistake when you believed I had from that very time a design to please and *ingratiate* my self with you, it was indeed all my desire, I took special notice of you above the rest of the Company, I considered you attentively and earnestly, and was so forcibly taken with your Beauty, and all other your Perfections, that I suffered my self to slide easily into a Resolution of Loving you: 'Twas then I understood by Gestures, so amorous and most pleasing to me, that you had an Inclination for me, and that you took a singular pleasure in every thing I did, as if my Love had suggested to you, and prompted you to believe that all my Actions had no other aim, than solely to please you. But all those beginnings of our Love shou'd not transport

us into Despair, and make me pass for a Criminal with you, since all I did was for a good end, and that I love you as faithfully as you love me. You may expect from me, all that is possible for me to do to satisfy you. I cannot be ungrateful, for all those endearing tender-
 nesses your Love expressed towards me. My Body, my Soul, my Life, my Honour, and my Estate are all yours ; my procedure is better than you believe ; be not apprehensive, that I abandon you ; 'tis a sort of Baseness and Ingratitude so odious to me, that it never shall prevail over me. If you are perswaded, that I have any Charms, or any agreeable good Qualities, I make a Sacrifice of them to you. I never will devote my self to any other but you, and since you find Merit in me, I am satisfied, all the fair Ladies of the World are nothing with me, in comparison with you, nor will I ever love any of them, but your fairest best self ; and provided I be always in your Favour and good Opinion, I am then come to the height of my Wishes and completely Happy. Do not then wish me so much favour and kindness from the fairest Ladies of *France* ; you shall find in the issue, that I am not subject to change, and that the most charming Objects, shall never be able to make me forget the Love I have for you. I do not make it my business, to find out specious Pretexts to make you appear culpable, and to make you unhappy. 'Tis not my design to stay long in *France* ; I cannot enslave my self there to lose you. Neither the Fatigue of a long
 Voyage,

Voyage, nor the greatest Dangers, the regard I have for my Relation, my Estate, my Honour, nor any Convenience or Advantage whatever, shall be able to divert me from coming to render you my Adorations. I answer with all my Heart and Soul all your Transports of Love; nor can your Passion be greater than mine is. I would to God I were eternally fix'd in one certain place near you, where I might always have the pleasure of viewing and contemplating of you, of serving you, of loving you, and of adoring you. I say not this to flatter you, I am so enchanted with your Charms and Favours, that I live but half a Life, with the Despair and Misery I am in, that I cannot have the happiness of seeing you again soon enough, as I wish. I am so far from being touched with the Rigour and Severity of any other Mistress, that the kindest and most sweet Treatments, the most charming Caresses, the most advantageous Favours, the fairest Promises, and all from the fairest and most agreeable Lady in the World, shall not be able to draw me off (but for one moment) from loving you. Stifle then that vain and fruitless fear, never have it in your Thought, that I shall quit you for any other. What is there in or about you, that is not most Amiable? And what can be more charming than your Beauty? More sweet and pleasant than your Discourse and Entertainment? What more agreeable than your Conversation? More tender and affectionate than your Love? What more attractive than your Pleasures? What more affecting than your Sight? More

firm than your Promises? Or more fervent than your Zeal? After so many extraordinary Qualities and Perfections, can you harbour the least thought of my being able to quit you, to make my self Miserable in the Slavery of some other Mistress? No, Madam, do not imagine I can be so inconstant. I have too much Love and Esteem for you, to use you at that rate. 'Tis true, I told you in Confidence that some time since I had once lov'd another Lady in *France*, but her Merit is nothing in value compar'd to yours, her Charms are but shadows to your Perfections; her Discourse flat and insipid; her Conversation is nauseous to me, and to tell you all in a word, I am so distasted with her, that I never saw her since. To confirm this Truth to you, I will send you one of her Letters with her Picture, you may by them judge of her Beauty, Wit, and Conduct; I believe you will not be jealous when you shall know all I tell you; and when I have the happiness to see you, I will entertain you with the Discourses I have had from her. It will be a Subject of much diversion to comfort you; and since you are interested so much in all that is dear to me, I'll bring you the Pictures of my Brother and Sister in Law. You are pleased to say, that at some Seasons, you think you cou'd have Humility enough to attend as Servant to the Woman I love. That thought is extreamly obliging, but since you have so much kindness for me, I conjure you to employ that good Service for your self, for you are the only Person I ever will adore and serve as long as I live. Be not perswaded that I use
you

you ill, that I vilifie and despise you in any degree; far be it from me to have any such Thoughts; I am too well acquainted with your Merit, and have too much Respect and Zeal for you, to be guilty of any such matter. You do me much wrong to be jealous of me, and to reproach me in this manner. I approve with much Ardour, the most sweet Sentiments and happy Affections of your Soul; and intirely consecrate to you all the movements of my Heart. I conjure you to write often to me. Your Letters are so dear to me, that I conserve them as the most precious things in the World; you cannot make them large enough for me. Your Passion is so pleasing and agreeable to me, that I never have more joy than when I see it pourtraied upon Paper, that gives you comfort and me also; and my Unhappiness is, that I am not with you to give some respite to your Troubles. I know 'tis a Year now since you last gave me the most sweet and delightful Favours and kind Effects of your Love. I shall with Pleasure remember that happy Day while I live. How delightful were the Transports? How sweet Emotions of Passion? What Ardour, Fire, and Spirit? With what indearing kindness did you express your Love for me? What inconceivable Pleasures did you make me partake of and enjoy? My Soul was like to flee away with the height of Joy and Pleasures it received. Your other Favours, and the sincerity wherewith you used to express all, have so charmed me, that I could not leave you without an unparallel'd

Regret

Regret to undertake a Voyage, which has
 caused me infinite Hazards and Sufferings.
 When I think of those happy Moments, where-
 in I enjoyed so many Delights with you, I
 often called to mind that amiable Modesty,
 which appear'd so graceful in your charming
 Countenance. If any confusion happened to
 appear there, it served only to heighten my
 Passion, and inflame me the more. I wish to
 God, the Officer you speak of had not left
 you so soon, I had had the Satisfaction of
 being entertain'd longer with the sweet Plea-
 sures of your Letters. Adieu ! If you had
 much ado to put an end to your Letter, I
 had an extreme regret and difficulty to close
 mine. Do not apprehend that I quit you ;
 I have too much tenderness for you to do
 it. I give you Thanks with all my Heart for
 the Love you have for me, I conjure you to
 believe I have an equal Passion for you. Those
 Names of tenderness which you wou'd have
 given me, how agreeable would they have
 been, if you had expressed them in your Let-
 ter ? But 'tis no great matter, it suffices that
 you have them in your Heart, since you had
 not time to write them. I give your dear
 Person the like. I give my self up wholly
 to you, my Soul, my Body, my Estate, my
 Honour, all depend on you, I make a Sacri-
 fice to you of all that is dear to me: How
 I Love you ! How I Esteem ! How I
 Adore you ! What Transports of Love,
 What Affectionate Movements have I for
 you ! O how dear you are to me ! How cruel
 Fortune is to remove me to this distance
 from

from you ! What Compassion do you move me to ! What Unhappiness do you occasion me ! Compassion for all the tender kind Sentiments you have for me, and Unhappiness because I cannot make a reciprocal return of the kindness you have for me, nearer to you, and by being present with you. What Respects, what Submissions, what Affectionate Tenderesses would I not shew you ! How sincere a Soul, How open and clear a Heart should you find ! O what Joy, What Pleasures, What Satisfaction, What Consolation should we not mutually receive and enjoy ? Adieu ! Write more largely to me for the future, I take infinite pleasure in the sweetness of your Letters, Adieu. Comfort your self, I shall have the good Fortune to see you shortly, and give you all assurance of the Fidelity and Constancy of my Love. Adieu. Have some pity for me.

LETTER

LETTER V.

HOW rigorously and cruelly do you treat me? Ah me, Who has obliged you to forbear writing any more to me? What unkindness have I done you? What assurance have you that I love you no longer? My Passion for you is at this time, greater and more ardent than ever. I reverence you, I adore you with all my Soul, and am ready to abandon all that is dearest to me, to come and throw my self at your Feet. I conjure you to continue your Friendship for me, and to conserve those pledges of my Love I left with you. Do not give them away, nor shew them to any one. Have my Picture always before your Eyes, consider it attentively, wear those Bracelets for my sake; send them not back to me, and employ not *Dona Brites*, who was our Confident, and privy to our greatest, our sweetest Secrets, to give me so grievous a trouble. Let not your Despair transport you thus, to be so much my Enemy: Moderate your Hatred; I am innocent of any thing you charge me with. Burn not those

those precious Pledges you have of mine: But if you will consume them, let it be with the Fire of your Love. Do not persecute me with so much Hatred; 'tis a sort of Cruelty and Impotence your great Soul was never guilty of. Love is a Virtue so dear to you, that you cannot be unconstant; and you have too much Generosity to treat me ill. Whence then comes this Rigour? Have not I subjected my self to you even to the last breath of my Life? What reason have you to become my Enemy? What have I done to you? What Satisfaction can you desire of one that never has offended you, and tho' I were never so innocent, I am willing to appear culpable, because you wish to have me so. But of what Crime do you accuse me? Are you inflexible towards me, who make it my Glory, to Sacrifice my all entirely to you? But miserable that I am, What do I say? What means shall I use to appease you? You are so incensed against me, that I know not what will come of it. What shall I do? Who shall I apply my self to? Who shall make my Peace with you now I am absent from you? Who shall assure you of my Constancy, since you are perswaded to the contrary? And to remove this Aversion from your Heart, I conjure you often to remember the delicious Pleasures we have enjoyed together, and the Pledges and Assurances I have given you, that I never will abandon you; do you and *Dona Brites* frequently entertain one another with the Remembrances of those Sweetnesses and Delights. Comfort
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ye one the other ; consider the excess of my Passion and your own ; bethink you of all those Difficulties and Violences you speak of ; oppose with all your might those Inclinations you seem to have of forsaking me, and be convinc'd you will find Inducements infinitely more agreeable and just, to continue your Love for me constantly for ever, than ever you will find to forsake me. Wherefore would you destroy a Lover so constant and faithful, who has been but lately so dear to you, one you have loved with so much tenderness, a Lover, who has been the sweetest, most delightful Object of your Passion, whom you have often given so earnest and endearing Testimonies of it. A Lover you have embraced with so much ardour and earnestness of Affection, and one who by all sorts of Caresses has done you right, in returning your Love with the utmost height of Passion. Love has too well united our Hearts ; and though you endeavour it, I do not believe you will be able to overcome so strong and so agreeable a Passion. Your manner of writing thus, is only to make a tryal of me. Or if you were real in it, your Hatred and Rigour are so ill founded and groundless, that they cannot last long. Accuse me not of Indifference towards you, or shewing any sort of Contempt of you, I dare invoke Heaven to witness the Esteem and constant Passion I have always had for you. If I have by my Letters made Protestations of Friendship for you, I do with veritable Respects and Submissions, suitable to the reality of my Passion. You would believe so, if you had

had receiv'd all I writ to you, and would be fully perswaded of the contrary, of what you have now written to me: I believe your Relations and your Abbess (who are jealous of our Amour) hold Correspondence, and have given you counterfeit Letters, in the room of the Answers I sent to all the Letters I receiv'd from you, with so much Joy and Pleasure, which makes me forbear writing any more to you, for fear of some such Accident. I am providing to part hence in fifteen days, and to come and find you out in *Portugal*. After this Promise I have made you of seeing you again very speedily, I conjure you to become your self again, and let your Love surmount your Hatred. If you are convinc'd of your Doubts, you must needs be satisfied of the Esteem, Respect and Love I have for you. I never had so great Inclination to any thing, as to Love, to Serve, and to Adore you. If I could have been so Ingrateful as to quit you after all your Favours to me, I should have given you some Proof of my Inclination to it before I left you, either by dropping some odd words by some Indifference or Coldness towards you, to make you understand it, or I should have dealt with *Dona Brites*, or some other Confident to have obliged you not to write to me; or I should have endeavour'd to undeceive you by not sending any Answers to your Letters, or by some specious pretexts, I would have pretended, I was oblig'd to continue in *France*, so as never to be able to come and see you again. Have I ever used any such finesses as these? Have I ever deceiv'd you by
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my Discourses? Have you ever found any Coldness or Indifference in me? Have I ever dealt with any body to endeavour to divert your Passion from me? Have not you frequently written to me, and have I not as often answered you? Have I sought out occasion to stay in *France* without you? Have I said, I never would return into *Portugal*? Have I ever given you any ground of Displeasure toward me? Have I not with all sincerity discovered to you the real Sentiments of my Soul? Have I ever fail'd to pay you all sorts of Civility and Respect, or been any way wanting in my Love? Why then do you make these Complaints? What do you accuse me of? And what have I done to you, that you should be thus cruel to me? Disabuse your self (Madam) at length, and do not believe I can ever be so unworthy as to quit you. Do not render me so ill a Man, guilty of such ill qualities as you speak of, and do me right to believe me worthy of all the kind Passions and sweet Habits of Love, your Soul is possessed with for me. Never believe that I can give you any occasion to forget me. The favour you desire of me, serves at the same time, both to afflict and inflame my Passion the more. 'Tis true, I was extremely troubled when I read your Letter. But the Cause was your Reproaches, your Menaces, your Scorn of me, and your very unkind Treatment of me every way; together with the Despair you thereby threw me into. Bating these Regrets: Ah! How much Joy, what Contentment, what ravishing Satisfaction

tisfaction should I not have in hearing from you Well! Notwithstanding all this Rigour you treat me with; I will still Comfort my self with the hope of pacifying your Choler. I will patiently bear your Contempt and Anger, till your Reason shall one day bring a calm into your Soul, and make you acknowledge (when I shall be with you) that you have wrong'd an Innocent. Why do you write to me that I should not concern my self with you, or your Affairs? Who has more right, or is more interested to take care of you than my self? Do you question my Discretion? Do not you know how far I have been interested in all your Concernments? How I have partaken in all your Afflictions? I know very well that you are exceeding wise, that you manage your Affairs with all Prudence, and that all your Actions are without blemish or reproach. If I have my self of your Actions, 'twas only that I might have occasion to admire the Wisdom of your Counsels, the Prudence of your Conduct, and your happy Address in all you Undertake, which you succeed in with a Facility so marvellous, that it is equally surprizing and wonderful. Yet when I consider how you are choak'd, I could find in my Heart to disengage my self. But what can I do more, to render my self better in *your Opinion*? To make you more favourable to my Passion, and continue your Tenderness for me. Command me, and I am ready to satisfy you, in order rather to the removing the Evils you endure, than to terminate my

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own. I am pleas'd to suffer all that comes from you: Your most severe Rigours are no other than Charms to me. I am extremely obliged to you, for all the ill Treatments I have receiv'd from you; they are rather Fuel to my Flame, and render it more sprightly and lively. I am content to suffer in this manner, provided, it bring you any comfort in your Grief, and make you more contented. I would to God you could live satisfied and happy in the certainty of my Love. Having expressed so great an aversion to me, you afterwards profess you do not hate me, which is very obliging: But I must take the Liberty to tell you, you will do my Love greater Justice in continuing your Passion for me, as formerly, having never done any thing in my Life that could forfeit it. I will not say, but you may find a Lover of greater merit than my self, but I am certain you never will find one so faithful and constant as I am. Your Passion predominates altogether over me; it has inflam'd, has taken full Possession over me, as of you; holds me altogether as a Slave, not allowing me one moments Liberty. You are witness of all this your self, because you confess one cannot forget that which causes all the violent Transports one is capable of, that all the affections and movements of the Heart, tend to the closing with, and enjoying the Object belov'd, that the first Ideas and Impressions cannot be effaced, that the first *Wounds* are *incurable*, that all sorts of Passions, all the most lascivious and de-

delightful Pleasures a Man can without any check or obstruction find out, are vain and insufficient, to withdraw a Man from that he loves most, and serve to make one acknowledge, that nothing is dearer or more sweet, than the remembrance [of the Sufferings undergone upon the *Account* of ones *Love*. That such Expressions are sweet in the Mouth of a faithful Mistress; that they are rather powerful and delightful Charms to a poor Lover when he is in despair? Ah! How they comfort me, how they give me assurance, that I still am lodg'd within your Heart, since I find your Sentiments for me are still so full of tenderness and sweetness. But why should not I hope to be more in your Favour, since you must know that my *Affection* is most sincere and perfect, that my Love is reciprocal, that your Inclination has not been mislead or seduced, and that you have settled your *Affection* upon one who makes it his Glory to love you all the Days of his Life.

I know very well (Madam) you have so much *Sweetness* and Compassion, that you would not bring either my self, or any body else into the deplorable condition you say you are reduced to. That unwillingness in you, is a certain sign of your Good Nature. I conjure you, to believe that it is as well my Inclination also; and that if you suffer, I have not in any manner, contributed to it.

Take no pain in endeavouring to find Excuses for me, upon that score you do. I am not Guilty at all of what you accuse me. I am of the belief, that a Nun so perfect as you are, must be infinitely lovely: The Reasons you give to make out, that Beauties under such Confinement, merit more of our Esteem and Love, than those abroad in the World, are most powerful and convincing. But without further Regard to the fair Demonstrations you lay before us, I tell you in few words, that in Loving you, I had no other Consideration than for your own proper Merit. The manner of proceeding Ladies abroad in the World use, I do by no means like. They are for the most part fickle, and given to change; they cannot confine their Affection to one place, and when they Love, 'tis not without Dissimulation, or 'tis for Complaisance or for Interest. The Rigour they use, the Scorn, the Difficulty, the several sorts of Tricks, the Dissimulations, give their Lovers a hundred times more Trouble and Anxieties, than Pleasure or Joy. I know you alledge not these Reasons to make your self beloved. You have Qualities far more valuable to attract even the most stubborn Hearts, and your Charms are so powerful as none can resist. Your Beauty, Constancy, Fidelity and Sweetness of Disposition, make all that have the Honour to know you, to admire, serve, and adore you. All other Beauties are nothing in comparison to you; and I dare affirm it to be a high Crime to imprison within a narrow Convent,

a Person of your excellent Accomplishments. If you are unhappy, it is by reason of your Captivity there, which you may free your self of whenever you please. Your apprehension was Groundless, because I could not see you every day, that I proved unfaithful to you. Do not you know it was neither in my *Power*, nor in yours, that we should see one the other often, by reason of your being kept close up, and of the Danger I incurr'd if I came within your Monastery. If I left you to go to the Army; I had first your own consent to it. And nothing but your worth only could ever have kept me from it. If you had commanded me to stay, I had with all my Heart quitted the service of my Prince, and had wholly engag'd my self in yours only, without fearing either the displeasure of your Relations, or the Rigour of the Laws of your Country. I never fail'd to give you proof sufficient of my Passion, while I was in *Portugal*: If my Letters came not safe to you, I was not to blame, and could not help it. I should have been extremely troubled, if you had left the Convent to have come and found me out in *France*; not but that I should have been overjoyed to have embraced you in that fair Country; But for the Peril you had by such an Enterprize expos'd your self to, and the Fatigue you had undergone by such a Journey. If you are of the mind to hold that design still, I can tell the means to make it succeed to your wish, when I shall be happy to see and speak with you. I venture to
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write thus freely to you, since your Abbess and Relations are acquainted with our Intrigue. In the mean time, the Moderateness of your Love, your Coldness, Contempt, and your sudden Change, give me so great Trouble, that I am in the depth of Despair: Well! 'Tis no great matter, I give my self Comfort still, and am perswaded, your native Sweetness and Love will predominate, and am assured, that as soon as ever you receive this Letter, or see me but one Moment, you will change your Resolution. I do not forget (Madam) that I have the greatest Obligations to you of any Person living, you have loved me to extremity of Passion, to death; you have for my sake sacrificed your Honour, and your Life to the Hatred and Scorn of your Parents, and to the severity of your Religion, and the Rigour of the Laws of your Country, What acknowledgments do not I owe for a Passion so great and excessive? Do you believe it is possible for me to forget you, or to quit you after so great *Proofs* of your Love? Madam, you would have reason to complain of me, if I had proved so ungrateful, as not to have answered your Letters, and not have given you reciprocal *Testimony* of my Love, and that with the same Ardour you expressed towards me: That had been unbecoming a man of Honour. I had been a Traytor, a Villain, and the most Ungrateful Lover in the World; on the other side, God is my Witness, I always persevered to adore you, and to love you much

much better than I *love my self*. I never *wanted* either Respect or Love for you when I write to you, I always did it with all the Ardour and Civility possible: I have given you proofs of a Passion, the most perfect and excessive that any *Man* could have for the most lovely and *accomplish'd* Person in the World. In this State, and with those Sentiments I always persevere: What can I do more? What can you desire more of me? I have made an intire Sacrifice to you of all that I am, and of all that belongs to me. I am ready to *abandon all* for you, to undertake a tedious *Voyage*, to pass the Seas, and to expose my Life to the Mercy of the Waves, to come and find you out even at your Monastery. There's nothing more remains after so great Testimonies of my *Passion*, (if I shall be so happy as to survive all these Hazards) but to come and make a new Sacrifice of my self to your Choler, that I will do when I have the happiness of seeing you, I will throw my self at your Feet, (how *Guileless* and *Innocent* soever I am of all you accused me) as a Victim to the heat of your Courroux and Fury, without the least resistance to your Will and Pleasure. All these *Proofs* of *Passion* for you are (methinks) far from being the Effects of that natural Aversion you believe I have for you, so far that I love you infinitely, you are infinitely dear to me, and I am wholly yours, and at your Devotion I know well enough, I have no *Qualifications* fit to recommend me to, or in
any

any degree to merit your Love, but that of a faithful Lover, though in that point you seem to do me the *injury* to *distrust* me. You demand of me, what I have done to Oblige or Please you, what *Sacrifice* I have made you, and if I had not always a greater Regard to my own Pleasure and Satisfaction than to yours? And now in answer, give me leave to demand of you, if I have not obeyed you in all things you had a mind to, or would have me? If I have not sacrificed my all to you all that I am, and all that I have? Or if I have sought after any other Pleasures, than those you were pleased to allow? If I Gamed, or went a Hunting, did not you approve of these Recreations? When I went to the Army, did not you consent and give me free leave? If I was one of the last in leaving it, I was detained by Force. If I expos'd my self to the danger of Shot, I did it with all the Prudence and Caution I could possible; but always with a due regard to my Honour, that I might become the more worthy of you and your Favour. And if upon my return into *Portugal*, I did not settle my self there, 'twas because I found not an occasion favourable enough for our Love. 'Tis true, a Letter from my Brother made me leave the Country, but 'twas upon an occasion so urgent, as would not admit of any Delay. Your self agreed to it also; and if you had commanded me to have put off my Voyage, and to have staid with you, I would have obey'd you

you. I thought I should have died by the way, for grief and longing for you: And if I strove with my Melancholy, and cherish'd my self a little, it was only with a Design to preserve my self for you. After all this, what should I have done? What Reason have you to hate me mortally, as you do? Except what proceeds from your own vain Imagination: What misfortunes have you drawn upon your self, but such as your own wilfulness has occasioned? If you bestowed your Love upon me with great Passion and Faithfulness, I never did abuse it, but on the contrary, took all Care to to make a right use of it, and to render you the like with all Fidelity. You say you never used Artifice towards me. Have I not been as sincere to you? You say there must be means used with skill and good Address to create Affection. Did I ever oppose your Passion? And why are you not of Opinion, that your Love created in me, since the true sympathetick Secret is, to Love, is to make one be beloved?

You tell me, that I would have you Love me; I confess it, but before ever I had any such design, you loved me; for you have owned to me, that you were in Love with me, before ever I gave you reason to believe I loved you. If without your consent I gave my self up to your Love; had I not abundant reason, since I could find nothing in you but what was amiable. 'Tis

true, I believed you of a Complexion amorous enough, however I loved you nothing the less for that, it rather raised my Passion to the highest degree: Therefore I could never be perfidious towards you. I never deceived you. I do not fear your Menaces, and am perswaded, that when you shall have consider'd my Reasons, you will be more just, than to deliver up your Lover (who is Innocent) to the Vengeance of your Relations. If you think you have lived in a state of Desertion, and Idolatry in loving me, can you think I have not done the same in loving you? The difference between us is but in three points, to wit, That you are Changed, and I am Constant; and that you repent you ever loved me, which I do not for my loving you; that you are ashamed of your Passion, which you would have pass for a Crime: And I cannot be ashamed of mine, for I am certain, 'tis an excellent Virtue to be in Love. The Violence of your Passion has not hindred you to discover the Enormities of it, for there are none. Wherefore then is your Heart thus torn and divided? What Oppression is it that thus torments you? I am no way the Occasion of all these Troubles to you. I always loved you and served you faithfully. Nor have you Reason to wish me harm, but to resolve to let me live happy; which with much ease I may, if you please to allow it; for I never wanted Generosity towards you. I hope you will make no difficulty of writing another Letter to me, to let me know you are

are in a more settled quiet state of Mind ; but I shall be arrived in *Portugal* before that, where my Presence will bring you the Tranquility you wish for, and will undeceive you, as to the unjust Proceedings you believe me guilty of, and for which you reproach me. Then instead of Scorn you will give me Praises ; instead of accusing me of Falshood, you will own my Fidelity ; and instead of forgetting your Pleasures, you will have them in your Thoughts and Designments continually. And I know I shall be more in your Mind and Favour, than ever I yet have been. If you believe I have any Advantage over you by knowing how to make you love me, believe it, I am not at all vain. I know I owe that Good Fortune, neither to your Youth nor your Credulity, nor to the Commendations you please to give, no, nor to any of those Reasons you alledge ; but to your sole Bounty. Though all People spoke well to you of me, and your self commend me, yet I never had the Temerity or Arrogance to attribute it to my own Merit. All I have done has not been (as by way of Filtre) to deceive you, but really to give you my faithful honest Love ; for I have always had a generous Passion for you. I conjure you to preserve all my Letters, and to read them often for the establishing your Love, but not to withdraw it. 'Tis a happiness to me, and pleasure incomparable, to be beloved by a Person so perfect and accomplish'd as you are. I beseech you to believe

believe that I will love and adore you this manner for my whole Life. Forget the reproaches you are forward to revile me with. You will find the contrary when you see me in *Portugal*, and will then chuse rather to remember than forget me. And resolve to persevere always in your Love, for I shall disabuse you of that belief you have concerning me. Adieu! I conjure you once more, never to quit me, but incessantly to think of the Ardent Passion I have for you. And write no more to me; possibly your Letters, while I am in my Voyage, may not come safe home. Adieu! I will give you an exact account of my Movements, you shall give me the same of yours, when I shall have the happiness to see you. Adieu.



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Me Venus Artificem tenero præsecit Amori.—

*Quò me finxit Amor, quò me violentius Ussit;
Hoc melior facti vulneris ultor ero—*

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THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

To the Right Honourable

EVELIN
EARL OF
KINGSTON.

My LORD,

THE deserv'g Patron reads
the Dedication with a Caution,
as curious, as the modest Poet
feels when writing it; both equally
afraid of any Thing, that looks like
A 3 Flatt'ry.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Flatt'ry. But Your Lordship may be,
(at present) as easie in a Poet, as
I am happy in a Patron; You are a-
bove it; and I think, I need take no
great Pains to Vindicate the Assertion,
since I shall make it my business in
this Address, to convince Your Lord-
ship, that 'tis below ev'n me. Nor
will I, with industrious Art, couch
Flatt'ry under the pretence of dis-
avowing it. I would not apply to any
Person, whom I believe not every way
Noble; I am a Stranger to Your Lord-
ship, I mean, so far a Stranger, as on-
ly to know Your Lordship by the
Opinion of the World, and by the
Character, Mankind has given you:
Why should I then run out on your
Encomiums, and only Eccho to the
World, what I first hear'd from them?
All that becomes me to say at pre-
sent, is, that I agree with the Uni-
versal Consent of either Sex, and make
one to fill the Train of your Admi-
rers.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rers. To whom can I more fitly present the *Art of Love*, than to Your Lordship? You are the Lover in all the several Scenes of Life, the Courtier, the Husband, and the Widdower: you were the Lover of your Wife, you lov'd beyond the Fashion, you lov'd her tho' your Wife, you were the Lover of your Wife, and are the Lover of your Children. So fond you are of those young Pledges of your Nuptial Friendship; you seem the admiring Courtier of them, you seem wedded to them, you seem the *very Father of Love* it self. Hence 'tis, that this Book, the Child of Love, flies to Your Lordship for Protection. 'Tis an Original, not Copied after *Ovid*; for *Ovid's* Book indeed cannot be properly said with modesty, to be the *Art of Love*. Where his Precepts are virtuous, as they fall in naturally to the purpose, I could not well avoid them; for every Man

The Epistle Dedicatory.

that Loves, runs fondly, (I may say without Thought almost,) on the same amorous Expressions. How far I have Succeeded in the Attempt, Your Lordship can best Judge, who are the greatest Master in all the Noble Innocence of generous Gallantries; Your Approbation of it will sufficiently recommend it to the Fair, and Crown with Success the Wishes of

My Lord,

*Your Lordship's very Humble
and Obedient Servant.*

Charles Hopkins

THE

I teach Besiegers Beauteous Town to win,
 But not to Plunder, when they enter in.
 Warriours, who spoyl those Cities they obtain,
 May quickly loose, what, by long Siege, they gain.
 Towns, which on terms, Surrender to your Pow'r,
 Still in their own maintain the strongest Tow'r,
 Insulted Forts their Forces will exert,
 And Maids, entreated ill, preserve their Heart.
Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill,
And Conquering gently, you shall Conquer still.
 Small , trivial favours , are like Out-works,
 (won. }
 You must, by gentle usage, gain the Town, }
 Remember, *Cupid* Flyes with Wings of Down. }
 Force I prescribe, but such as suits the fair,
 Feathers require not Storms, they rise with Air.
 Sighs, like a gentle breeze, fan Am'rous Fires,
 But with rude blasts Love's kindled Torch expires.

That force prescrib'd, which in my Laws you find,
Is not the force of Arms, but force of Mind.

My Muse delights to glide in purest Streams,
Those Swans, which draw my *Venus*, Wing'd
(with Flames,
Move their soft course, like those on Silver
(*Thames*.

Like Wanton *Ovid* I forbear to Rove.

I Sing of Virgins, and of Virgin Love.

His Muse, like *Icarus* unbounded Flyes,

And with Wax'd Plumes, Soars, and Insults the
(Skies.

Wantons, like him with pure, Celestial Air,

Attempting Flights, which she wants Wings to bear.

No Swain so sweet of Love's soft Passion Sings,

But here, on purpose, he has Wax'd his Wings.

Tow'ring too high, soon as he strikes the Clouds,

Wildly he falls, Drowned in the rowling Floods.

With Chaſter purpoſe my rules are laid;

He Charm'd the *Roman*, I the *British* Maid.

Resolution.

A Gain be bold, I urge this precept still,
 For, without confidence, you dash my skill,
 Be but assur'd that you shall gain, you will.
 Let then your soft Addresses be begun,
 And Build on this — all Women may be won.
 The Coyest Nymph, she, who disdains the most,
 When once she knows how dear her Scorn has
 (cost,
 Pity the Youth, by her ill usage lost.
 By secret shifts his Visits would restore,
 And now would grant, would he but now Adore,
 Maids will deny, who more than Men desire.
 Affecting Coldness most, when most on Fire.
 Here must I now unpractiz'd precepts teach,
 Prescribe you Flights my self could never teach.

Dis-

Disimulation.

Like them, dissemble, while you fiercest burn,
 Fond of their Love, yet seem to slight their
 (Scorn

Could I have put a loose indiff'rence on,
Amasia's Self I might at last have won.
 But she too deep had fixt my Ravisht Heart,
 My Love was Nature, but let yours be Art.
 Where Ten Years Seige, and force continu'd fail'd,
 A seeming Flight, a feign'd Despair prevail'd,
 The subtle Sex seems ty'd to such restraint,
 That each Denyal is in part a Grant.
 To understand some things by Woman said,
 Her Words, like *Hebrew*, must be backwards read.
 Sometimes, like Heathen Oracles of Old,
 In odd, Ambiguous terms their Minds are told.

So that those truths they seem to have reveal'd,

By such relation are the more conceal'd.

In secret intricacies all perplex,

With doubtful thoughts, and various notions

(next,

You think all true this moment, false the next.

Remember this, and be this truth believ'd,

He, who knows VWoman best, may be deceiv'd.

In Infant times, the Sex was once betray'd;

By subtle wiles, and close devices lay'd,

The Cunning Serpent had deceiv'd the Maid.

Now every Fair has his deceits discern'd,

His Artful turns, and all his windings learn'd.

Secret from them he has reserv'd no wile,

VWoman could now the Serpent's self beguile.

Now with joyn'd Pow'rs she can the VWorld de-

(ceive,

At once she's both the Serpent, and the Eve.

Believe them not, trust not the Gawdy Snare,

For every Maid is false, as she is fair.

The

The more deceit the inward VVoman bears,
 The more the Varnish in her Face appears.
 False as they are, seem not at all to doubt,
 Dissembling Ignorance, you trace them out.
 Could they be true, yet false believe them still,
 VVhere ill may come, stand guarded from the ill.
 Let your Addresses still these colours bear,
 Excessive Love, faint hopes, and doubting fear,
 And let her sometimes think you quite despair,
 Interpret all in the severest Sense,
 But chuse your self the softest meaning thence.
 Of her unkindness to the Nymph complain;
 VVhatever sound bears a more pleasing strain,
 Seem not to hear, and beg that breath again.
 Hence mighty Pleasures flow, hence Joys improv
 And hence arises sweet endearing Love.
 Charge her Remember what she kindly said,
 And seem all Ravish't with the Charming Maid.
 Now is the time to press her Hands, and Vow,
 Now is the time, urge fast your Conquests now.

Sigh sadly oft, with gentle strugglings start.

As if against your will she seiz'd your Heart.

Oft tho' you sigh, your breath must smother'd rise,

Believe me, Youth, there is an Art in sighs.

Doubt not, thus smother'd they will reach her Ear,

She hears them all, but will not seem to hear.

Let your heav'd Breast raise but imperfect sounds,

Thence she infers how inwardly she VVounds.

Love is a Passion, and were words may fail,

The inward workings of the Soul prevail.

The Soul's distraction best her truth assures,

From that she thinks you her's and thence grows
(yours.

Maids, like young Conjurers, that Charm have rais'd,

That spright, fond Love, by which themselves are
(seiz'd.

He, who to Maids dissembles must excel,

You cheat your self, if you perform not well.

'Tis not enough you can two Faces shew,

Both wear the Mask, and seem to want it too.

Let

Let all be plausible whate're you tell,
 'Tis no-deceit if you deceive her well.
 VVhen at a loss sometimes for Am'rous lies,
 The naked truth may be the best disguise.
 So, by the Nymph, who had but now comply'd,
 And spoke kind words, those words are now deny'd
 As in this Breath she utter'd truth, the next
 With double Errours has that truth perplext.
 As you would have her mean, interpret so,
 Unwary truth will in soft Passion Flow.
 Regard not, Youth, what she shall now deny,
 But cut that Gordian Knot you can't untie.
 Perhaps, thro' modest, bashful Virgin fears,
 She, crys, that Speech a double meaning bears.
 Or at the most, if you believe it kind,
 It slipt unlicens'd from her tender Mind.
 So soft the Breaths kind Accents to your Ear,
 As if the Bashful Creature could not bear
 That she her self shou'd her own fondness hear.

Tho' with design some moving Accent breaks,
Yet she appears unknowing what she speaks.

Here smiles the shining Season of your Reign,
But for a while let us remove the Scene,
View Cloudy Skies, Proud Frowns, and Cold
(Disdain.

*Observe my Rules, drawn from Experienc'd skill,
And tho' she Thunders, you shall Conquer still.*

Constancy.

PERhaps the Naughty Nymph thy Presence
(shun's,

And *Daphne* like from the pursuer runs.

Bold; like the Youthful *Phæbus*, follow, you,

Swift tho' she flies, do thou as swift pursue.

Intreat, like him, like him, maintain thy way,

Stay, *Phæbus* cry'd, my Charming *Daphne*, stay,

The Winds bore her, and his lost Pray'rs away.

Yet,

Yet, as he follow'd fast the Flying Maid,
 The more he saw her Fleet, the more he Pray'd.
 A long, long Course the Virgin had maintain'd,
 But what he follow'd long, at last he gained.
 He gain'd that Fair, who did his Passion flee,
 Not now a Virgin, yet he claspt her Tree.
 Let not her change in thee suspicion raise,
 There are no *Daphne's* in these kinder Days.
 All that she could, she did; her Lawrel bow'd,
 At every word he spoke to thank the God.

The Muse.

Hence am I mov'd to warn thee of the fate
 Which do's on most Poetick Lovers wait.
 Enervate here the Poet owns his Charm,
 Numbers, which once could Fire, now hardly

(warm)

Verse

Verse, slighted Verse, will but with few prevail;
 How shall we hope, if *Phæbus* self could fail?
 If thou thy racking sufferings would'st rehearse,
 In Numbers sweet and softly sliding Verse.

All thou wilt gain, the Maid shall be admir'd,
 Ador'd by all, who has thy Songs inspir'd.
 Thou, the Nymphs Fame shall't by thy Numbers
 (raise,

Loose *Daphne* certain, for uncertain Bays.

Thy hard ill-fated Errour shall't thou see,
 And Sing at last, a hopeless Swain like me.

Amasia first made me in Numbers write,
 Love gave me Verse, and Verse gave Love delight.

From all my Songs this only could I find,
 They sooth'd my Passion, and bewitch'd my Mind;
 Verse fann'd my Love, made my own wishes blaze
 But no soft kindlings in her Breast could raise.

Love taught me Notions for soft Numbers fit,

If I had never Lov'd, I ne're had Wit.

As Passion first did Artless Songs improve,
 More Artful now, my Songs shall teach to Love.
 The Charming Sex my moving Songs shall Read,
 The Swains shall Weep, the Ravish'd Virgins Bleed
 If Verse has Charms, my flowing lines shall move,
 And every Sighing Maid confess I Love.

Amasia's self when all my Passion's known,
 Spight of her Pride, that fatal truth shall own.

Despis'd my self, let no sad Swain despair,
 All Virgins are not, like *Amasia*, fair,
 Nor feels an others Youth those pangs I bear.

I Love too fiercely, Love to such excess,

I cannot wish my raging Passion less.

So fierce those Fires, which ravage all my Breast

I should run mad, should I at last be blest,

So lose *Amasia* most when most possess.

If happier you wou'd more successful be,

Love not, no, never fondly doat like me.

Like

Like friendly Sea-marks, warning from the Coast,
I stand, to shew you where my self was lost.
Observe my precepts, fill your bosom'd Sayls,
And Steer a happy course with prosp'rous gales.
In *Ovid's* Days soft Numbers were admir'd,
Poetick lays the Ravish'd Virgins Fir'd.
The wishing Maids by tuneful measures mov'd,
The Song was valu'd, and the Poet Lov'd.

Now, Sacred Verse no more it's Charms can
 But Beauty, Mercenary grown, is fold,
 And every *Danae* may be brib'd with Gold.

Jove, deckt in all the Ensigns of his Pow'r,
 In the full Pride of God-head, Storms the
 (Tow'r,)
 But enters only in his Golden Show'r.

Yet some there are, sure yet some Maids remain,
 Some gen'rous Maids, who scorn such forbid
 (gain,

If then these Noble, Gen'rous Nymphs you
 (find,

Write in soft Verse, in Verse reveal your Mind.

Still with an Air of Love your lines must rowl,

That in your Numbers she may read your Soul.

If you attempt in Poesy, write well,

He's curst in Verse, whose Genius can't excell.

Thus, tho' my flames may *Daphnis* flames surpass,

Yet am not I inspired, as *Daphnis* was.

Daphnis may Sing, none can like *Daphnis* Sing,

Whilst all his Numbers from his Passion Spring;

His softest Muse do's in soft measures rise,

His Muse may Soar to his bright *Delia's* Eyes.

So, Soars, the Lark, in airey measures born,

So Sings, when Springing from the smiling Corn,

And in sweet tuneful ayres salutes the Morn.

Yet

Yet *Daphnis* self, for sweetest strains renown'd,
 Even *Daphnis* self was not by *Delia* Crown'd.
 At first, perhaps, unread your Note's return'd,
 Your Person slighted, and your Passion scorn'd.
 Despair not yet, thus nicest Maids will flight,
 But Write again, and yet again still Write.
 Now more, and more your cruel pangs display.
 Say all the fondest wishes bid you say.
 Tell her alas she never should despise,
 The Flames that kindled at her Charming Eyes.

Device.

Send now unseal'd thy Letter to her hands,
 Cupid will fly, when you unloose his bands.
 By secret flight your am'rous lines convey,
 But let no Servant for her Answer stay.
 She will, retir'd, peruse what so you send,
 Her curiosity shall stand your friend.

In the same place, where she was so betray'd,
 The Paper's thrown by the regardless Maid,
 Unnotic'd left, and as neglected, lay'd.

This, for some time, practice with subtle skill,
 What she, unmarkt, may read, be sure, she will.
 Let a fond note, thus dropt, at length declare
 Your pangs are known to the ingrateful fair,
 Say she has Read, and you must now despair.

❖ Tell her no farther will her Slave presume,
 He only begs her to pronounce his doom.

When next she's seen, the Charmer's Eyes shall
 (show,

Whether your lines have been perus'd or no.

In her fair Eyes as plain her thoughts you note.
 As she did yours, when reading what you wrote.
 Not Coyest Nymphs shall such Devices shun ;
Accentius thus the fair *Cydippe* won.

An Apple, blushing like her Cheeks, he threw,
 The Golden Vow in Golden Letters drew,
 Then, hurl'd it rolling in the Charmer's view.

The tempting Fruit the smiling Virgin bore,
 Read what he Writ and, in the Reading, Swore.

Too late the am'rous subtilty descry'd,
 She Vow'd her self the Young *Acontius* Bride.

With like success may you deceive the Fair,
 They fly, like Birds, to the well painted Snare.

When by those Rules, which I prescribe you,
 (taught,

You may perceive them willing to be caught.

Hov'ring sometime they will avoid the Gin,

But at the last ———

With gentle, modest fluttrings, venter in.

The careless Fair seems, as at first, unmov'd,

Seems not to think how tenderly she's Lov'd.

Or frowns perhaps, exerts her cold disdain,
 For Maids are Tyrants, and when courted Reign,
 If Proud she Scorns, then has she read your Flames
 And flies resenting to the last extremes.

Despair not now, yet seem as you despair'd,
 Be all your forces for the Storm prepar'd.

Believe me Youth, the hardest may be won,
 The Artist gain'd that Maid he fram'd of Stone.
 What she resents so high, she most desires,
 In Frosty Woods rage ever scorching Fires.

Ætina, whose Crown is everlasting Snow,
 Do's at the Heart with inward burnings glow;
 Above, all coldness, all on Fire below.

The Weakest Virgins still their prowess boast,
 As Cowards ever huff and bluster most.

With a false show a while maintain the Field,
 But when you press them hard, how soon they
 (yield ?

Soft are their Breasts, urge your addreses oft,
 Feel then, their Souls are as their Bosoms soft.

Indifference.

SHE scorns you not perhaps, but what is worse,
Indiff'rent seems ; Indiff'rence is a curse.

Alas! her loose indiff'rence can't be born,

You think Indiff'rence the severest scorn.

She thinks so too, and as she fancies so,

Resolves the utmost rigour she will show :

Maids thence pretend they can our Passions know. }

Am I the Master of my Art believ'd

If so, most certainly they are deceiv'd.

'Tis as their Tempers in the Lovers Reign, }

Some disdain haughty Nymphs, as they disdain, }

And though unforc'd would follow, break their chain.

Such be thy humour, or if that's too much,

Feign it at least, let her believe it such.

As she has seem'd regardless of your Pray'r,

Seem you unthoughtful of the feigning fair.

With

With your Companions, as you pass along,
 Smile, be all Air, tune some different Song,
 Thence shall she Judge your Passion now not
 (strong.

If her drawn Window you by chance pass by,
 Darting that way let her not mark your Eye.
 If you will look, cast not a side-long glance,
 But seem to see her, as if seen by chance.
 If she perceive you looking stedfast on,
 My Art is lost, She's lost, and you undone.
 From lasting views straight will the Maid remove,
 Such are the Practise of a mutual Love.

As you pass by give her a plain salute,
 Perhaps she Sings, touches perhaps her Lute.
 Pass on regardless still and let her Sing,

Tho' thy Heart shake more than the trembling
 (String.

Ah! be not foolishly bewitch'd as I,
 My struggling fight would at her Window fly,
 And I shou'd gaze, tho' I were sure to dye.

Stop

Stop not to hear, her ayres too dear'twill cost,
 Strait would her tunes her height'ned triumphs
 (boast.

To loftier strains would her soft Musick rise,
 And while she acts the Conquests of her Eyes,
 The Maid insults, the Ravish'd Lover dyes,
 Your Flames more force shall from such ayres
 (assume.

Whilst she, as *Nero* once, plays o're her burning
 (*Rome*.

Stand not to fight, too powerful is the Foe,
 Like *Parthians* fly, and you may Conquer so.
 Like *Parthians* fly, but flying, seem to flight,
 Dart not one glance in the deluding flight.

Fondly you wish to know the Charmer's mind
 You fancy now her glances may be kind,
 And dearly long to cast one glimpse behind.

Orpheus, when climbing from the *Stygian* Coast,
 Look'd but once back; what blessings could he
 boast,
 He lost *Euridice*, for ever lost,

Lost

Lost by one Look, so dear so lov'd a prize,
 Lost what he valu'd far beyond his Eyes.
 Beyond those Eyes, which hated thence the light,
 Preferring rather an Eternal Night.
 That fatal loss he did for ever mourn,
 And would again to *Stygian* shades return.
 Could he once more receive the lovely prize,
 He would, in change have parted with his fatal Eyes
 Let *Orpheus* fate thy happy warning be ;
 That Love is blindest which would always see,
 If the restraint be such you cannot brook,
 But you will venture yet to steal a look,
 To mark her Eyes, and gather thence her flames ;
 For there I know your pointed fancy aims.
 Your Glove, or Cane by accident let drop,
 Then, turn in haste, glance quick, and take it up.
 If now you find her from the Window gone,
 Ten thousand anxious doubts come rolling on.

Hence

Hence is it best you should from looks forbear

All cannot dive into the subtle fair,

Now Fire, now Ice, and now again She's Air.

In all their Breasts Agues and Fevers Reign,

Now fixt, now fickle, and then fixt again,

Now all o're fondness, now all o're disdain.

Let none success from feign'd indiff'rence doubt,

A little time will turn the Wheel about,

The Scene will shift, Poyson drive Poyson out.

Observe my Rules. drawn from experienc'd skill,

Tho' now you Fly, yet shall you Conquer still.

Near her abode watch in some secret Street.

And, as by chance, the passing Virgin meet.

With Ceremonial Complements salute,

Stand not to talk, to argue or dispute;

But as your waving Hat Salutes her now,

If she looks smiling on you, smiling bow.

Those

Those smiles she gives, the Maid, as Envoys,
(sends,

And be assur'd, that you at last are friends.

Write then again, again your Suit renew

For Maids expect Men should for ever Woove,

Even those, I know, who most deny us, do.

Tell her what Flames rage in your burning Breast,

Tell her your Passion cannot be express'd.

From what she reads, say she may Judge the rest.

Beg but one Visit, that you so may show

Your real Passion, she believe it so.

Your Letters Read, no answer she returns,

She Smiles, perhaps, and crys, poor Youth ! he
(burns

Laughs with her Maids, and plays upon your Stile,

Whilst in compliance too the Servants Smile,

No matter, you, who raise her Mirth so fast,

Shall have the Power to raise her Tears at last.

The

The Mistrefs Reads ; the Maids attentive wait,
 The grand affair some little time debate,
 They, cry—— but Madam, has he an Estate?

Gold.

Curse on your Hellish Tongues, ye impious
 (hence,
 The Youth has Love, the Youth has Wit and
 (Sense.

Constant in Truth, and moving in Address,
 And shall this Lover be deny'd Access ;

It will be so. — This fatal Maxim hold,
 Fleering Attendants must be brib'd with Gold.

What can't the Maid that's voluble of Tongue ?

False, she shows true, and right she renders wrong

For shame, ye *British* Maids! your Thrones
 (maintain.

Reign all your selves ; for thus your Servants Reign

Through

Who serves the Mistress, and the Servants too.

All have not Gold, by which the Sex is won,

At least I'm sure that I my self have none.

Thus Beauty do's a sordid Traffick hold,

Sordid indeed tho' thus it deals in Gold,

Whilst Love, more pretious Love, is brought, and
(fold.)

How shall I heal, poor Swain! these fatal woes?

For Love and Poverty are Mortal Foes.

Curse on those Sulph'rous Mines which feed the Oare,

Curse on those Misers Eyes which fed it more,

And gave it first the value, which it bore.

Want's a Disease for which I know no Cure,

Those Swains will still be slighted. who are poor.

Fond Expectation may the Maids deceive,

Perhaps, your Passion may on promise live,

Promise how'er tho' you want Gold to give.

Nought should to needy Lovers seem too hard,

Promise

Promise vast Gold en Mountains for reward.

What you request, if they believe, they grant,

Never, no never let them know your want.

Their expectation then their Aid excites;

Aloud the Lady reads your am'rous flights,

And the Maids crys,—how prettily he Writes!

But if you still are giving, much have given,

They stretch your Bounty and your Praise to Heav'n.

Brave, Handsom, Great, they term the Youth that's
(free ;

Thus brib'd with Gold, they would extol ev'n me.

Inspiring *Phæbus* ! Let some cause be told,

Why thy Beams make not for thy offspring Gold.

Falsely attribute we thy gilded praise;

Gold is not sure the Product of thy Rays.

If Gold be thine, thy Son are Minors still,

And you, severest Parent ! Use them ill.

E

Hence

Hence with thy ill fam'd Laurel's useleſs Tree,
Its ſpreading Branches bear no Fruits for me.

Too plain its fatal barrenneſs is ſeen,
It never Bloſſoms, tho' 'tis ever Green.

Write yet again, fond Youth ! and by the Maid,
Let the ſoft ſecret Letter be convey'd.

With guilded edges let thy Note be lac'd,
Tis fit thou give her all the Gold thou haſt.

The Maids aſſiſtance in kind words implore,
Gain her, She ſoon ſhall gain your Miſtreſs more
By that Epistle, than by all before.

Now ſhall She praſtiſe all her cloſeſt Wites,
She meets the ſmiling Charmer, then She Smiles,
The Maid commends each flouriſh of your Pen,
Vows 'tis the prettieſt Letter She has ſeen.

Intreats an Answer from the gentler Fair,
And intreats, renews her pray'r,
And crys, how can you let the Youth deſpair ?

In all his Lines such melting Accents move;

Madam, I'm sure he does sincerely love.

Write, tho' your Letter bear the hardest strain,

Bid him desist, tell him his Suit in vain ;

Better to kill, than let him live in pain.

Charge him, command him, give his Passion o're,

Command the Dying Youth to love no more.

Perhaps She Writes, but that's a large advance,

Who trusts her Pen, leans on a yielding Lance.

Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill.

Lye now in Ambush, and so Conquer still.

Waiting not far the trembling Lover stands,

Receives the Letter from the Servants hands,

And seems Distracted at the hard Commands.

Disturb not, Youth ! Your anxious bosom so,

For She would have you come, who bids you go.

Passion.

KISS the dear Seal, lean in a penfive mood,
 And softly say, scarce to be understood,
 Tell me—Ah ! Tell me, are your Tydings good.
 Wait not, expecting what the Maid replys,
 Just look with languishing, with watry Eyes,
 Breath some soft Accents, some abortive Sighs.
 Then cry with shiv'ring starts, as in some Fit,
 Ah ! Are you sure, 'tis She her self has Writ ?
 Hasten, break the Seal, with doubtful Joy peruse,
 Then, seem distracted at the dismal News.
 See her no more!—What Man the Thought
 (can bear?)
 Rave, and grow mad, tear your disorder'd Hair,
 Tear the dear Note, and toss it in the Air.

Into a thousand Pieces be it torn,
 And on the Ground its trampled Ruines spurn.
 Thus while you Rage, the Maid will needs be gone,
 But now, let gentle Calmness be Put on.
 Stay her a while, pick the dear Papers up,
 And in her Hand prevailing Guineas drop.
 Now is the Time, if you have Gold to give,
 And Vow, if scorn'd again, you will not live.
 The simp'ring Maid gives all the hopes She can,
 Crys,—be not so dejected, play the Man.
 Protests She will her utmost Pow'rs exert,
 Use all endeavours, practice every Art,
 To raise soft Love in the obdurate Heart.
 In a short time, the kind, industrious Maid,
 Instructs you how a Visit may be paid.
 Tells you the Fair will condescend to hear,
 And know the utmost meaning of your Pray'r.

Perhaps, informs you only of some Walk,
 Crys,—meet her there, there you may freely talk.
 Courage, young Hero! and maintain the Field.
 Who founds a Parley shews a mind to yield.

Address.

LET your Address the humblest boldness show,
 So gain your Conquests, and maintain them so.
 Breath at her Feet the Triumphs of her Eyes,
 That Love stoops lowest, which sublimest flies,
 Sweet is the sound, when she shall bid you rise.
 With eager shiv'rings let her Hands be prest,
 Enervate force speaks the fond Soul the best,
 Let words urge all you can, and Murmurs breath
 (the rest.)

From your fond Eyes let hasty glances rowl,
 Like troubled notions from the Poet's Soul.

The speaking Eyes the fondest thoughts declare ;
 Charm'd by her looks, yours must all sweetness
 (wear, }

Your Visage guilded with a smiling Air.

Pressing her Hands, while you approach more nigh,
 She backward leans, disdainful, coyly shy.

Forbear, she crys, what mean you, Sir, forbear ;

Obeys her now, but now bend yet more near.

Love is a Theft, and you must softly Steal,

Obtain the favour first, and then conceal.

Whate'r advances in your Suit are got,

Seem as if you your self perceiv'd them not.

Whilst fondest Lovers such devices find,

From hence it is that Love's reputed blind.

Thus may your Hands glide gently to her breast,

Thus may those swelling softnesses be prest.

Thus by kind art thou on Love's Thrones shal't
 (Reign, }

But if you can't your Conquests still maintain,

Back let your Hands softly be drawn again.

Again approach within a little while,
 That Sky which thunders now, e're long will smile;
 These favours flow not from first Visits paid,
 The soft rewards of long addreses made.
 Sometimes, the fair puts on a clowded Brow,
 And what but late was granted, is not now.
 The Charming Sex, still on new tryals bent,
 Shew that their favours are not given, but lent.
 Humour her present Coyness, seem reserv'd,
 Maids must sometimes by your neglect be serv'd,
 Feed their disdain, tho' their desires be starv'd.
 Now, fondly gaze, as her heav'd Bosom pants,
 And press that breast, which your soft presses wants,
 Against her will, what pleases her, she grants.
 With struggling hands let the dear Charm be prest,
 Tell her your Heart dwells in her panting. Brest.
 Some faint Essays she makes, lays soft Commands,
 And gently strives, and with the gentlest hands.

The short efforts she makes are never strong,
 Her Eyes entreat you, and her melting Tongue,
 But all their soft entreaties last not long.

To her own Breasts her wand'ring Hands repair,
 Which when you feel, receive, and press them there;
 Forbear she cries, but hopes you won't forbear.

Her tender Hands remove not yours, but stay,
 Alas! neglected in her lap they lay.

Why do's her Breast her Charming Hand receive?

'Tis to touch yours, which such endearings give.

Let not her Snowy Fingers now be blam'd;

They would press too, but that she's yet asham'd.

Whilst every touch, soft wishing thoughts impart,

Your Hand runs thro' her to the very Heart.

Much tho' they please, they must at last remove,

I teach not still the same continu'd Love.

Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill,

Now, Fight, now Fly, so shall you Conquer still.

Earnest

Earnest resentments now she seems to show,
 And crys you hurt her, who have Charm'd her so.
 How dares your Hand into her Breast intrude ?
 Your Love's ill breeding, and your Passiou rude.
 Dissembling fair ! who this reservdness show,
 You would not for the World he thought it so.

Submission.

TRembling attention to her Anger lend ;
 Own the offence, you may again offend.
 Whilst under soft correction Lovers live,
 Maids feel a certain Pride, when they forgive-
 Seem half distracted with the racking guilt,
 She feels in earnest what you feigning felt.
 Display, in all your troubled homage, pain,
 Protest sincere in this repentant strain,
 Never, no, never to offend again.

Keep then, she crys, what you have vow'd so deep.
 And seems to doubt your want of pow'r to keep.
 Crys, with the sweeth, most deluding skill,
 She fears you will not, while she fears you will;
 Admires, to what new freedom you presume,
 And wonders whence that liberty should come.
 You, like some Sentenc'd Criminal appear,
 Your very guilt shall bribe the Justice here.
 Whilst, thus dejected, you forbear to touch,
 She crys, she did not think your boldness such;
 Some small allowance giv'n, you take to much.

Sadness.

TH E more your sad Humility is seen;
 The more, She crys, has your assurance been.
 Sunk in offence, whilst thus the Lover lyes,
He but submits, to Conquer; kneels, to rise.

She

She pities now your Melancholly air,
 And cannot drive you to so deep Despair.
 Grows kinder still, since the soft calm began;
 Calls you the fondest,——most desiring Man——
 As in some fit, seem fainting to the ground,
 And sigh, as tortur'd with some inward wound.
 From your sad mood, whatever arts is cost,
 She charms you now, nor shal' her charms be lost.

Fear.

NOW she permits, now may your hand ascend,
 Seem you yet doubtful, least you yet offend.
 Half heav'd to rise, let them again fall down ;
 This shall your utmost, softest wishes crown.
 Thy hands her own shall to those seats restore,
 By which so late they were repulst before.
 Here seems Possession of the Charmer giv'n,
 And the fault's thine, if thou wilt thence be driven.

Blest in these blooming, flow'ry Gardens dwell,
 Thy Senses shall grow ravish'd with the smell.
 Her Bosom will a scent more grateful yield
 Than blowing Roses in the fragrant Field.

Ah ! do not now this kindest Charm abuse,
 Desire not fruits forbidden by the Muse,
 Longing for those, this Paradise you lose.

Breath am'rous murmurs there, breath tender sighs,
 And kifs her Breasts as you perceive them rise,

Fondness.

P Lay with thy Fingers twining in her Hair,
Cupid, in every curl has spread his snare.
 Thy fondness, dallying in such wiles shall shew,
 The well pleas'd Virgin more insnar'd than you.
 Clasp now her Waist, clasp fast the slender Maid,
 Close to her glowing Cheek let yours be lay'd.

Speak

Speak now in whispers, tho' no Soul be nigh,
Sigh, and now hear the yielding Maid shall sigh.

Ask from what Cause that tender sigh could
(flow,

Strait, the Effect the charming Cause shall show,
She sighs again, and crys she does not know.

In a soft Tone pursue your soft Address,
Play with her Hand, and her dear Fingers press,
And seem disturb'd you can't her Sorrows guess.

Her sighs, she says, no known Afflictions move;
Not Grief, the Cause victorious Youth! 'tis Love.

Observe my Rules. drawn from experienc'd Skill,

Yield more and more, so shall you Conquer still.

With wishing Eyes, cry, can it, can it be,
That those dear sighs in pity rose for me?

Modesty.

Now, in her Cheeks spreads the soft , bashful
(Blush,

And mantling Streams in modest flushings rush.

Silent she sits, with down-cast Eyes a while,

Nor knows to frown, nor does she know tho smile.

Her yeilding Visage now appears to wear

A Virgin shame mixt with a thoughtful Air.

Thus look you too, seem bashful, and asham'd,

As if the Question you propos'd, were blam'd.

That shame-fac'd Air, her Mein shall then express

Becomes her well, nor would become you less.

Think it not strange, Rules for your looks are lay'd ;

The change of Visage charms the wishing Maid.

Link her-fair Fingers in the gentlest Bands,

And print soft Kisses on her snowy Hands.

Still between whiles renewing your Address,

Now fondly kiss them, and now fondly press,

Now

Now, with descending Lips the charm maintain,
 Now, rising, raise it to those Lips again.

On her blew Veins let rising sighs be spread,
 Fire thus the Veins of the desiring Maid.

Desire.

Now gazing, fix on her's your wishing Eyes,
 Look longing, languishing with fond sur-
 (prize,

And sighing, seem as you would hide your sighs.

Now with a trembling fear her Lips approach,
 Steal to her balmy Lips, and gently touch.

Tho' at the first attempt your Aim you miss,
 Yet snatch the pieces of the broken Kifs.

Rise by degrees, till the first fears are gone,
 And rush at last with gentle Transports on.

Lean on her Breasts, thus on your guard beneath,
 Catch every breath you see the Charmer breath.

Doubt not, such fondness will the Virgin please ;
 In Ambush lye, and as She Salleyes, seize.

Now, in warm Raptures rush upon the Foe
 Rush on that fragrant Breath, which Charms
 (thee so,
 And spread long Kisses there——

Long press her close, and scarce at last let go,

Tho' thou hast snatch'd a thousand from her Store,
 Spread still her Cheeks with roving Kisses o're,
 And still complain, desirous still of more.

Kiss, tho' your Lips with their long kissing smart,
 Seem thus dissatisfy'd, and bless my Art.

Oe tender Maids ! How can you blame my Song ;
 I raise your Joys, yet not your Honours wrong.

No fatal Mischief in my Art is found,

harm not much, who but with Kisses wound.

If Youth, you hear the injur'd Nymph complain,
 Those Kisses which you robb'd, restore again.

By me no wrong to the soft Sex is done,
Return an Hundred, tho' you snatch'd but one.

If there be any Fair my Art offends,
My Art, (if known,) shall make her large amends.
Love is a Child, that Love thy Poet sings
Is ever born on in-offensive Wings.

Cupid, not *Venus*, shall my numbers raise,
The Infant *Cupid* hurts not, when he plays.
Now, happy Youth ! Thy Tutor's Art confess,
That certain Art, which can thy wishes bless.

Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill
Charge not too far, so shall you conquer still.

Thus far advanc'd in the endearing strain,
What thou may'st yet desire, does yet remain ;
As you embrace, to be embrac'd again.

Crown me with Roses, and with Myrtles Crown,
The Charmer's Heart, her Soul shall be your own.

But

But first, before to this request you move,
 Urge the dear Fair ; your utmost Arts improve,
 Till you have heard her Breath those Words——
 (love

Whilst now, fond Youth ! As I prescribe, you do,
 You shall gain Conquests , and maintain them too,
 Yes, you shall triumph, and your Spoils grown new.
 Fonder, and fonder let your Suit be mov'd,
 Convince her throughly She's entirely lov'd.

Zeal.

A Precept, yet untaught, I teach you now,
 Vow very rarely, but then warmly Vow.
 They who swear oft, should not be oft believ'd,
 For if they be, the Nymph may be deceiv'd.
 Work up your Passion to the last excess,
 Great as it is, let it appear not less.

Let Love on all its Wings, extended, fly,
 And feel, if possible, when soar'd so high,
 Feel all your Act, almost run Mad, and dye.
 He who expects the Nymph should Crown his pain
 Should, for the time, feel every Thing he feigns.
 So on the Stage the purple Emp'rour stands,
 His fancy'd Throne propt by applauding Hands.
 Thus rais'd, imaginary Worlds he sways,
 And thinks himself that Monarch which he Plays.
 On him the Subject Audience fix their Eyes,
 The very Poet Credits his own Lies,
 And the Fair weep, when with false Wounds he
 (dyes)
 Be bold, and but believe you shall excell,
 There's none so dull, but may dissemble well.
 Study no Form, but as D——s Pray,
 Speak with warm Zeal, no matter what you say,
 You can't Dissemble half so well as They.

Tho' you weep not, for Tears uncertain rise,
 Bending aside, yet seem to wipe your Eyes.
 Now is the time your Blessings to improve,
 Now is the time for happy mutual Love.
 Urge now the Fair her Passion to confess,
 Her Eyes speak Love, let not her Tongue speak less.
 Fond, tender Words, soft as her Tears, shall glide,
 Love ever flows in Sorrow's gentle Tide.

Pity.

PErhaps, at first She will kind Pity own,
 And cry, you cannot think She's perfect Stone.
 If once She Pities, let all Fear be past,
 For none e're pity'd, but She lov'd at last,
 Pity, Love's gentle Usher, smooths the way;
 Love after Pity makes no long delay.

Now are all Dangers past, all Storms blown ore,
The bounding Vessel Gains the wisht for Shore.

When most you see her kindness, most seem blind,
And call her Cruel ; tho' you know her kind.

Allmost posselt, seem wholly to Despair,
Your Visits now for some short time forbear ;
Feigning distracted Doubts, you gain the Fair.

By secret Wiles, seem, as your Soul were mov'd
By other Charms ; as you some other lov'd.

Jealousie.

LOve, like Religion, can no Rival brook ;
By this Device She shall be fastest took,
She only waits that you should draw the Hook.

Land, spar'd a while, returns the vaster Gain,
The cleaving Earth, that gapes, and thirsts for
(Rain.

Drinks greedier deep, when Showers fall again.

Yon

You may, you must, from Visits now desist,
 You will be Charm'd, when charg'd from being mist'
 Long, long Experience this great Truth assures,
 Believing you some others, She grows yours.
 Money, nor Health, we value while possesst,
 But when once lost, oft have sad Sighs exprest,
 Could we again obtain, how much should we be
 (blest!)

Thus 'tis with Love, the best, the dearest Wealth,
 The truest Blessing, and the sweetest Health.
 Thus, whilst vain coyness in the Virgin reigns,
 What most She values, She the most disdains.
 So will the peevish Child that Toy despise,
 For which, when once hurl'd crossly down, he cries.

*Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill,
 And go off Conquering, so to Conquer still.*

Absence.

AS I must teach your Presence how to Fire,
Your absence does my Art no less require.
For some short time keep wholly from her sight,
Write not in haste, tho' you at last may Write.
Now, at each turn cross by her in the Street,
At every Corner the dear Charmer meet.
Before her move, and now behind her stay,
And seem, as chance, not purpose, led your Way.
Let your Eyes languish, your Head droop, look pale,
Seem sick that She may ask you what you ail.
You no true Cause of your feign'd Sickness tell,
Bow, as She speaks, and Answer you are Well.
In some sad Posture, heavy Sadness show,
Say you are Well, or hope will soon be so.
If She without this Notice passes by,
Salute her only with your glancing Eye.

Let no weak fondness on our Soul intrude,
 Love's more than civil, when it thus seems rude.
 Give not the common Complements in use,
 Yet oft sail softly by the Charmer's House.

Pride.

AS you pass by, perhaps, She laughs aloud,
 Seems, of those Trophies She has lost,
 (grown proud;

Wave you your hand, your neck be humbly bow'd.

False are those Triumphs, Fair One! Which you
 (boast.

You cannot flight those Conquests you have lost.

As I direct, salute her seeming flight,

Appear to thank her for fleeing Spight.

Amongst her Maids, might the true Cause be guess'd,

What mov'd her laughter was some trifling Jest.

Whilst She jocosely her feign'd Scorn shall shew,

Seem to conceive She made th' Jest at you.

Half

Half Mad walk on, amend your tardy pace,
 And as you turn some Corner, turn your Face,
 Give a short scorning glance, but do not stand and
 (gaze. }

How shall her laughter vex the Charmer more,
 As She believes it anger'd you before.

You, past from sight, She and her Maids a while,
 Again shall laugh, and at that Laughter smile.

On let their Mirth still in new Thunders rowl,
 Inward She's rac'kd, and tortur'd, to the Soul.

I know thy subtlest Whiles, deceitful fair !

Nor will be cheated with thy guilded Air.

Now do'st thou Wish his Visits were renew'd,
 And wish with Pain thou might'st again be woo'd,

Thus have I seen the sportive Children stand,

Pulling some Rope with their enervate Hand ;

All their Collected little Strength they try,

And draw, and strain; but if you Conquer, cry,

Let fly the end, they smile, and are in pain,
Till they have given it you to pull again.

Coldness

NOW She walks oft abroad to take the Air
Frequents those Groves frequented by the
(Fair,

The *Park*, the *Mall*, where the fond Beau repair.

You, seen at distance, know, yet still She asks,

Crys, is that he? and e're She's answer'd, masks.

Why this Device? ye subtile masking Fair!

Ye best dissemble with your Faces bare;

A double Mask is too, too much to wear.

Why must those Clouds obscure your radiant Eyes;

From such Deformity can Beauty rise?

Why are you hid, when longing to be known,

Dare you not Fight without your Armour on?

As you pass by, the subtile Fair shall turn,

She hopes you know her noted Garments worn.

Seem

Seem not to know, let no Salute be paid.

But Rally, mildly sharp, the masking Maid,

Perhaps, the kind Attendant shall display

Her waving Handkerchief, to Court your stay.

If the White Flag flies waving to the Field,

The Warriour knows the Charming Fort will yield.

The Maid, perchance, with an alluring Grace,

Grants some quick Scetches of her simpring Face.

Whilst her spread Fan, held cunningly, is born,

That very Fan you had so lately torn.

Becks with her Hand, and now turns short, now
(stands;

Do you return her Beckons with your Hands,

Oft She allures you with well-shifted Scenes,

While you still seem unknowing what She means.

Beauty's a Feast, to which you should be prest.

Invited oft to be a wellcome Guest,

Who seems to shun the Blessing, most is blest.

He

He who of each Advantage will take hold,
 Fearful appears, Designing, but not bold.
 Catching at all, who every Scent pursues,
 Shall follow Shadows, and the Substance lose.
 Thus, by loose Play the Cullies are drawn in,
 Gamesters stand ever longest out, who win.

*Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill.
 And stand off Conquering, so to Conquer still.*

Reading perhaps in the obscurest Grove

The Fair One sits, some Book that treats of Love.

Ev'n *Sylvius*, Numbers may perhaps be read,

Tho' not my self, my Verse may charm the Maid.

With folded Arms pass Melancholly by,

Now softly Murmur, and now softly sigh.

Pass back again, and yet again return,

And seem the loss of some dear Friend to Mourn.

Your languid Arms cross your sad Breast be thrown,

You press *her* Heart, whilst thus you press *your own*.

Enter

Enter at last, made by your Passion fleet,
 And throw your self beneath the Charmer's Feet.
 Your struggling Lips abortive Accents break,
 Seem much to strive, but do not, do not speak.
 As frightened, out She rushes like the Wind;
 You must expect you shall a Tempest find,
 Perhaps, She leaves my flighted Book behind.
 So high her rais'd Resentment may be born,
 Perhaps, not flighted only, 'twill be torn.

*Observe my Rules, drawn, from experienc'd Skill.
 Go on repulst, yet so to Conquer still.*

Lift up my Lines, pursue her as She flies,
 Present them humbly to her Angry Eyes.
 Let my soft Verse be to her Hands restor'd,
 Tell her, scorn'd Love inspir'd each flowing word,
 Tell her this fatal Truth——
 None ever lov'd like *Sylvius*, none ador'd.

Tell

Tell her, for this I know you long to tell.
And I allow it, ——— Vow you love as well.
It to receive my Book you find her free,
Sigh then, and speak, as if you envy'd me.

The Reward.

Success sufficient in this Charm I boast,
This only gain'd, my Labours are not lost.

Who would not Write, while Love commanding
(stands;

Who would not love ? Held in such tender bands ;

She clasps my living numbers in her Hands.

In her fair Hands my tuneful Numbers rowl,

And if She reads, they flow into her Soul.

Tuneful indeed is all my Artful Song,

And like a silver Current glides along,

Whilst warbled sweetly from her fluent Tongue.

As my soft Verse the moving Virgin speaks,
 Not I, but She, the melting Numbers makes.
 Thus *Orpheus* play'd, thus at this tuneful call,
 Saw the charm'd Stones in Artful measures fall;
 Thus play'd *Amphion* too——
 Thus built his Glory in the *Theban* Wall.
 Close is my Book prest by the angry Maid,
 Nor you, nor I, can hope She now shall read.
 Blest be those Hands which press my Numbers so,
 My Melting Soul does in those Numbers flow
 Beyond my self I find my Verses blest.
 Their Author may not by those Hands be prest.

Fate of Poets.

MY Book fair bound perhaps the Maid receives,
 For gilded Cover, and for golden Leaves,
 Curst be the Artist, who the pains shall take;
 No golden Present to the Fair I make.

I charge you cease, your impious hands withhold,
Against my Will must I present her Gold?

The Sex would *Midas* golden Wish restore,
And turn whate'er they touch to shining Oare;

As *Midas* did, may such fair Misers thrive;
For Golden Verse is all I have to give.

The cheating Trades-Man's *senseless* Son swells }
(great }

With Titles puff'd, supported with Estate, }
Whilst his guilty Charriot thunders thro' his Gate. }

Of his new Pageantry, new Honours proud,

The *lolling Brute* ore-looks the nobler Crowd.

Rais'd on strong Brass, flighting the Power above, }
Salmonides like, he fancies he's some *Jove*; }

But more, far more, he claims a right to Love. }

Long, powder'd Wiggs show *Swarthy* S—l Fair,

Dress shall adorn the *Aukward*, *Rustick* Heir,

He who has Gold, each Charmer's heart commands

Tho' dull as Hinds, who plow his Father's Land,

Whilst at each word he offers shining Oare;

I must confess my boasted Art but poor.

He, in that Word, more charming Force displays,
Than I in all my Numbers, all my Lays.

The flippant Lawyer, canting, gains Supplies,
Gets Gold by noisy bawling, lives by Lyes.

If at the thund'ring Bar he knows to plead,
His Suit goes still successful with the Maid.

The *strutting* H——s of his Feathers proud,
Is, without fighting, constant pay allow'd,
For wearing gawdy Cloaths, and swearing loud. }

But Poets with the love of Courts are Curst,
Which leaves them Poets, as it found them first ;
Thought wholly for the smallest Truth unfit,
And reckon'd useless for their very Wit.

By some strange whirl of Fate confus'dly hurl'd,
At once above, and yet beneath the World.

Like the doom'd Wretch, whom in the Flood,
(they Paint

Exalted o're those Blessings which they want.

Perseverance.

Perseverance.

Address the Maid, your Resolution hold.
 You yet shall Conquer, tho' you have not
 (Gold.

Tho' She would fly, perswade her yet to stay,
 And scatter blushing Roses in her way.

With gentel Force let her a while be held ;
 By *gentle Force* Maids love to be compell'd.

Desist not Youth till thou hast gain'd the Field ;
 For you must Conquer, or She cannot yield.

Pray'rs on repeated Pray'rs be still renew'd ;

• Maids ever fly, in hopes to be pursu'd.

Still tho' She frowns, give not your Courtship o're,

Still tho' She frowns, press harder than before,

Entreat a thousand time, ten thousand more.

Think not I here impose too hard a Task,
 The grant Charms most, yet much it Charms to ask.
 After denyals on denyals past,
 What long She Vows She won't, She will at last,
 Ten thousand, thousand times has She reply'd,
 Oft as you ask'd, has She as oft deny'd?
 Yet at the last shall you your Suit obtain,
 When She believes you will not ask again.
 Tho' She protests, do not her Vows believe;
 The fair Deceiver shall her self deceive.

Her Actions, and her Words shall ne'er agree,
 Her Words are Air, like that to which they flee,
 Her Vows dissolv'd, shall in the Air be free.

If now, inrag'd, She weares a cloudy Brow.
 She's only fearful lest She kind should grow.

Quit her howe'er, be my late Truths forgot,
 And knowing well, yet seem to know them not.

Sigh

Sigh sadly now, and pressing, loose her Hand ;
 Then bow — She flies, you still dejected stand.
 Quit not the place, till out of sight She flies,
 And as She moves, pursue her with your Eyes,

Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill.

For, if She flies, yet shall you Conquer still.

Write now again, feign Sicknefs and Despair,
 And let some Friend the dismal Tydings bear.
 If thus some Friend be trusted to attend,
 Be well assur'd he be indeed your Friend.
 Friendship, like Coin, a Royal Image bears,
 Like Coin, made currant by the Stamp it bears.
 With both Men Traffick, as their Int'rest move,
 And Gold and Friendship are exchange'd for Love,
 As fainter Fires before the stronger Dye,
 Friendship expires, when Beauty's Flames blaze high.
 He whom you venter in this dang'rous Post,
 Should be himself bound for some other Coast,
 Else both your Mistress and your Friend are lost.

About her House in silent Moon-light wait,
 Pass like some Ghost by her obdurate Gate.
 Thus Ghosts glide on, thus the fond *Phantom* flies,
 And haunts that Place, where the dear Treasure lies.
 Pise, Porter, haste, be the hard doors unbarr'd,
 O Porter ! Harder than the Posts you guard.

The wishing Youth beneath her Window stands,
 The wishing Youth waits for the blest Commands,
 And curses oft the rugged Porters Hands.

Ill, cruel Fair, is such Attendance paid,
 Too cold you treat the Lover, cruel Maid !

Why thus severe, ingrateful, feigning Fair !
 Why to thy Lover, and thy self severe;
 Admit, admit the Youth——

Admit him to thy Breast, already there.

In pinching Cold, by starry glim'ring Light,
 Oft have I wander'd the whole Winter Night.
 Guiltless of Thought my self, my Feet would stray,
 My conscious Feet found of themselves the way.

At

At lov'd *Amasia's* Doors, as in some Trance,
 Oft have I lay'n, like Heroes in Romance,
 Like *Iphis*, oft on the hard Pavement lay'd,
 I seem'd the Guardian of the sleeping Maid.
 The Mastives, conscious that the Gates are barr'd,
 Bark not, but fawning meet their fellow Guard.
 Of all the Stars my gazing Eyes cou'd see,
 I mark'd not one whose Influence smil'd on me.
 Sighted like me, yet must you patient wake,
 Tho' Night reigns now, the Day at length will
 (break.
 Now with soft Musick Serenade the Maid,
 And let the gentlest, sweetest Tunes be plaid
 Some Maid, some wakeful Servant may behold,
 Then, be assur'd your Services are told.

Feasts.

IF to some Feast the Virgin does repair,
 Do thou contrive to be invited there.
 Courteous to all, compliant Words let fall,
 But whom She favours, favour most of all.
 Treat all her Friends without the least constraint,
 Her wrinkled Guardian, or her aged Aunt.
 Smile on the Maid that whispers in her Ear ;
 You must treat well your very Rival here.
 Above the rest, to him commend the Wine,
 Drink to him oft, discourse him as you Dine.
 Place, if you can, your Rival near the Maid,
 Let no Addresses, but soft Looks, be paid.
 Fronting the Fair, let some loose glances fly,
 But gaze not on her with your constant Eye.
 Drink to those Beauties which the Maid surround,
 But let no Goblet with *Her* Health be Crown'd.

Soon

Soon as her Hands the sparkling Glafs reſtore,
 Call you, and drink juſt where She drank before.
 Eat very ſparingly, and ſeem to prove,
 Your beſt lov'd Food, your Nouriſhment is Love.
 Affect no Faſt, yet ſo contrive to Eat,
 As if you reliſh'd not, but forc'd the Meat.
 Some ſmiling Fair, perhaps, with laughing Eyes,
 Shall ask the Cauſe, and make her own Replies.
 Love—Love—ſhe Vows, ſhe reads it in your Face,
 And now plays on you with Satyrick grace.
 Pretends the ſad Diſtemper She can ſee,
 And crys, *Sir, are you not in love with me?*
 Perhaps, the Fair, lov'd Charmer's ſelf is mov'd,
 The Charmer's ſelf ſeems conſcious that She's lov'd.
 Offers you Meat, with careleſs, looſe reſerve ;
 Accept the offer, when the Maid ſhall Carve.
 Tho' at her Chair the ready Servant ſtands,
 'Tis offer'd you by her own charming Hands.

Meat

Meet on the suddain her extended Arm,
 Staring surpriz'd, as Soldiers in Allarm.
 By feign'd confusion thus o're reach the Plate,
 And sliding, touch her Hands, as your's Retreat.
 Gaze on her Eyes with Eyes confessing Flames,
 And glance new Rawys fast on her glancing Beams.
 E're from the room the hast'ning Fair be past,
 Fast, tho' She moves, move you, unmark't as fast,
 Or if She stays, attend her to the last.
 If with her Maids She passes in the throng,
 Brush gently by her, as you sail along.
 In some close entrance if She crowded stands,
 Approach her nigh, and press by stealth her hands.
 Now, as you move into the spacious Hall,
 Let your Addresses at some distance fall,
 Whilst the Fair mingles in the shining Ball.

Praise.

L Et all her steps your Admiration move,
 And as She Dances, in your Eyes dance Love.
 Let every Motion ravish'd wonder raise,
 And Praise her now, for now She Courts your Praise.
 The stronger Gale of Praises you bestow,
 More beauteous 'Charms shall every Movement
 (show.
 Thus flies the Vessel with auspicious Gales,
 And as the Winds encrease, more swiftly Sails.
 Thus *Juno's* Bird spreads wide his starry Train,
 But hides, unprais'd, his gawdy Wealth again.
 The Poets thus in Praises feels delight,
 And, paid with Fame alone, grows fond to Write,
 Fear not to Praise, wheaever Form they bear,
 There lives not one but fanices that She's Fair.

High

High in Conceit, Women, like Authors fit;
 These proud of fancy'd Beauty, those, of Wit.
 Tho' some pretend their wants of Charms to know
 Whilst from themselves their real failings flow,
 If you but softly Vow they are deceiv'd,
 How sure, how soon is the Deceit believ'd?
 Thus every Maid to her own wants grows kind,
 And Woman's Pride, like Woman's Love is blind.
 Whilst now you see the glowing Virgin move,
 At every airy step She measures Love.
 The Ball broke up, before her bowing stand,
 And offer humbly your conducting hand.
 If coy She turns, with flights your service paid,
 Lead off before her Eyes some other Maid.

Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill.
Engagings there, here shall you Conquer still.

Theatre.

IF in the Theatre the maid be found,
 Thence may your Passion with success be Crown'd.

Whilst now She Mourns the fancy'd Hero's Fate.

Whilst in her Eyes her ready Sorrows wait,

Attend their fall; claim all her Tears your due,

The fancy'd Lover never lov'd like you,

Claim not her Tears alone,——

But claim the charming Eyes which shed them too.

Strange Contradiction reigns in Woman's mind,

Only to shew, and false appearance, kind.

Mind not the Action, nor the Authors strain,

Slight gawdy Shows, and make her Face thy Scene.

Raise no ill-natur'd Hiss to Damn the Play,

But Criticize on what dull Criticks say.

Let

Let those who bite the Poet, so be bit,
 Thus whilst you show good Nature, show your Wit,
 Alike with you the Author's Sense they bear,
 Alike with you, who did not see, nor hear.
 The modest Fop daubs his nice Nose with Snuff,
 Damn me, then crys, 'tis wretched, wretched stuff.
 Glance on such Fops with a disdainful Eye,
 And let a fleering Smile give such proude Fools the
 (Lye.
 The Curtain fall'n, press to the Charmer's side,
 And claim her Hand, nor be at last deny'd.
 Entreat her oft, nor give entreaties o're,
 And Vow you will conduct her to her Door.
 Force is but weak, Intreaty has the Odds,
 Tho' we can't force, we may intreat the Gods.
 Thro' tedious importunity She moves,
 She can't deny the pressing Youth She loves.
 Enter her House, your fond Address renew,
 And Vow you was, and ever will be true.

The Charmer now at a cold distant stands,
 And you must quit her from your clasping Hands.
 The kinder warmth your Courtship shall impart,
 She seems more Cold, mote Frozen in her Heart.
 Feign all the Lover, all the Hero feign,
 And in your Looks transported Passion reign.
 In different Strains *Both* with dissembling move,
 She feigning Anger, and you feigning Love.
 With your drawn Sword, rush with a hasty Vow,
 And now just striking, She prevents you now.
 Fast to your Arms the frightened Maid shall flee,
 And cry, so striking you had wounded me.
 Now to the utmost pitch your Flames must rise,
 Now She's your own, clasp fast the lovely prize.
 Great is your fondness, nor shall her's be less.
 She gives you Kifs for Kifs, and Presses for Presses.
 Whilst mutual Love flows strong with mutual Pow'rs,
 Her Hand, her Heart, her Life, her Soul are yours.

Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill,
Still tho' you Conquer, Conquer yielding still.
Go on triumphant so, and Triumph,—at your Will.

Crown me, each Love-sick Youth, each Love-sick
(Maid
Your mutual Flame, as my Reward, be paid.
Whisper each other, in your Bridals blest,
Thus far Art taught——*Let Nature teach the rest.*



FINIS.

THE
A R T
O F
L O V E :

The Second Book.

Dedicated to the LADIES.

A
P O E M.

The Second Edition Enlarged.

By Mr. Charles Hopkins.

*Hoc mihi, si quando ; puer et Cytharea, favete :
Nunc Erato ; nam tu Nomen amoris habes.*

L O N D O N : Printed for R. Wellington, at
the Dolphin and Crown at the West end of St.
Paul's Church-yard, 1704.



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TO THE
AUTHOR
ON HIS
ART of LOVE.

IF Numbers can immortalize a Name,
And to descending Times transmit the
(Poet's Fame.
Then happy Youth! Thy sweet, harmonious
(Lays,

Fix the Foundations of a lasting Praise.
Thou, Loves Physician! Thou can'st best impart,
The Sov'rain Balm to Cure the bleeding Heart.
Of Love's Mæanders with such skill you Write,
Sure Cupid's wings sustain'd your Muse's Flight.
If Transmigration, more than fancy be,
The Soul of Ovid is transfus'd in thee.
Love was a Lab'rynth, like the Cretan Make,
Its Paths untrod, a Wilderness its Ware;
Till Ariadne's kind conducting Clue,
Your Muse, disclos'd it; Love's best Theseus You.
What

What Gallus, nor Propertius could express,
What greater Ovid touch'd with ill Success,
With lustre sparkles in an English Dress.

No Thoughts unchast thy melting Muse affords,
But charming Sense drest in as charming Words.
The British Maids shall read thy Verse and smile,
Implo'ring Venus to reward the toyl

Of thee, the soft Columbus of her Isle.

Whilst Cytharea on Love's Throne shall sit,

Whilst Phæbus Reigns the Lawrell'd God of Wit.

Envy nor Time shall blast what you have writ.

Let Dryden, Prince of all, in Satyr Reign,

Let Congreve Charm, with his rich, Comick Vein,

Love be thy Charge, do thou Love's Cause maintain.

A. S.

To the Author, on his Art of Love.

TIS Art, all Art ; yet 'tis all Nature too!
What wonders cannot Love and Fancy do?
Thy Muse ha's made each slighted Youth

(amends,

And shews that Wit and Chastity are Friends;

Venus, as Gay as when by Paris seen,

She Paint's ; She Paint's her Love's and Beautie's

(Queen,

Yet with a modest Air, and with a Virgin Mein:

She

*She Paint's her like Diana in the Chase,
 With Chastity triumphant seated in her Face.
 With Charms like those Amasia ha's put on
 Only, She Paint's her, that She may be Won.
 Who reads your Verse, must wonder and approve;
 Your Lines are modest, yet your Subject, Love.
 With Charms so Chast your Numbers are endu'd,
 (For you teach others as your self has Woo'd,)*
*'Tis pity any Poet should be Lewd.
 Such charming Laws on Love-sick Youths you lay,
 That all, who wou'd be Happy, must Obey.
 Soft as Amasia's Bosom is thy Song,
 And in its flowing Tides it bears our Souls along.
 With Wings untir'd, thy soaring Cupid flies,
 With ease he mount's, and does with Pleasure rise.
 May conquer'd Beauty be the Poets Spoil,
 And Woman, glorious Woman, Crown thy Toyl.*

P. M.

To The Ingenious AUTHOR, of the
Art of Love.

Nature has often Play'd the Artist's Part,
 But ne're was Nature so display'd by Art.
 Never before was Woman naked shown,
 Yet modest still, as when with Garments on.
 Such Pleasure we in your soft Rules discern,
 Instruction Charms, 'tis ravishment to learn.

'Tis

'Tis such Delight to read your Numbers o're,
We think the Practice scarce can give us more.
By thee the Bleeding Love-sick Youth is shown,
To make the scornful, haughty Fair his own.
The tender Maid, taught by thy charming Pen,
May scape the Wiles, of false Designing Men.
The Virgin's taught to Love, the Youth to Wooe;
At once you Ravish and Instruct us too.

Each Sex must own, to make a just return,
Thou, charming Youth, wert Britain's Ovid born.

C. L.

THE
ART of LOVE,

THE
SECOND BOOK.

ARm'd at all Points, Men to Field are gone,
Now, *Venus*, fight the Battle of thy Son.
Assist me *Beauty*, for *thy* Fame I Write,
Art shall teach Charming Nature to delight,
And thou shalt gain the Trophies of the Fight.

B

To

To you the secrets of that Art i'll show,
Nor leave you Naked to so fierce a Foe ;
I'll teach you all, you shall know all my skill,
And Men shall Love, while you shall smile and kill.

The Arms.

Y Et Female Warriours, haft, to Arms, to Arms,
Put on your Smiles, your Glances, and your
(Charms,
Paint, Patches, Pins, and all the little reft,
Which muft be done e'er Beauty can be drest,
Flames in your Eyes, and Coldnefs in your Breaft.
Put on a modeft fmildnefs with your drefs,
Put on thofe fomethings which I can't exprefs.

Let

Let all with Artful negligence be done,
 Put every Charm, put the whole Woman on.
 Then softly sweet let *Cupid's* Trumpet sound,
 Let Flags of streaming Ribbons wave around,
 And with a Heart be every standard Crown'd.
 Each bearded Arrow bears a Bleeding Heart;
 For *Cupid's* Standard is a Golden Dart.

}

Let a soft Blush, the Ensign, be display'd,
 The Charming Ensign of the Charming Maid
 Thus Arm'd, ye *Amazons*, insult the Field,
 Sighs be your Swords, and silence be your shield.

*Trust to my skill, in spite of Precepts past,
 And you shall Conquer, tho' to yield at last.*

Believe me Maids, who never yet deceiv'd,
 Thro' me, none e're repented she believ'd,
 Int'rest in Love draws on a Cloud of Woes,
 For Love and Int'rest are eternal Foes.

No fatal Rules my Numbers shall unfold
 For those mean things, who sell themselves for Gold
 In Spheres, more bright my richer Precepts move,
 My Song's compos'd of Beauty and of Love.

Woman the Dissemblers.

SHall Waves be bid to Roll, when Tempests roar ?
 Shall Calms succeed, when the loud Storm Blow
 (ore ?)

hall Poets live Dejected, Proud and Poor ?

Shall Ice be Cold ? Shall Fire be bid to Burn ?

Shall Darkneſs vaniſh at the Sun's return ?

Shall *Silvius* Love, and ſhall *Amafia* Scorn ?

Shall

Shall I teach Misers to embrace their store?

Shall they teach me bright Beauty to adore?

Shall I bid Gods, who are Immortal, Live?

Shall I bid Women, all deceit, deceive?

Women and Kings alike their sway maintain,
And by dissembling what they feel, they Reign.

Blameless, your Sex does in this art excel?

'Tis no deceit, if you deceive us well.

Dissemble on, Shoot your devices far,

Be every Charm, yet be but what you are.

Be all, that Man, unfinning would adore.

Be Woman—Woman! can a Name be more?

You are of those whom all the World admire,
The Hearts of Mortals, and of Gods you Fire.

Men, to be Blest, retire to Shades with you,
And when you please we grow Immortal too.

(6)

In Beauteous Spheres, more bright than ours, you
(move,

You give us Paradise, in giving Love.

For you, bright Maids, I draw my conqu'ring
(Pen,

To fix your Empire ore presuming Men.

The

The Prostrate.

L Oe ! there , before you Feet the Victim }
 (lyes , }
 Whilst Vict'ry laughs within your smiling }
 (Eyes ; }
 See how the Prostrate Captive, Sighs, and Dies. }
 Believe him not, he's Man, and will deceive ;
 What have I said ? Ye Maids, believe, believe.
 All are not false, tho' the sincere be few,
 At least, *Amasia* knows her *Silvius* true.
 But my *Amasia* has my suit deny'd,
 And none can e're deceive, who is not try'd.

But Oh ! that Charmer does such Charms improve,
That 'tis impossible I should not Love.

Could I but show you how *Amasia* Charms,

There were no need of Amor'us Arts and Arms,

She's all ore Charm, all Ravishing in Youth,

She's Love it self, She's Beauty and She's Truth.

But Oh ! She must not all your Actions guide,

She's all o're Woman too, all over Pride.

I teach you how to make the Lover Burn,

I teach you Love, but *Nature* teaches Scorn.

Trust to my skill, in spite of precepts past,

I'll teach you conquest, so you yield at last.

Turn there, the Swain do's on his Knees implore,

He only begs permission to adore,

Begs you would but believe, and hopes no more.

O treach'rous Man ! Who can so falsely press,

He hope no more ! O no, he doubts no less.

Believe

Believe him not, command him to forbear,
 He must not speak, protest you will not hear.
 Check each attempt he makes to prove his Flame,
 Yet still new hints for new addresses frame.
 Seem all surprize, all Coyness, all a Frown,
 Then let your Eyes shed soft compassion down.
 He hopes and fears, he Freezes and he Burns,
 And still protests, when e're the Fit returns.
 Let him not Kneel, but as his Fires rage on,
 Say he must Rise, or you must else be gone.
 Divert the talk, forbid him to adore,
 But so forbid as to engage him more.
 Farewell, at length the parting Lover cries;
 Bid him farewell, but with relenting Eyes.

He goes but to return ; why let him go ;

He's yours—— or if you please he may be so,

Attire.

Attire.

CONSULT your GLASS what Garments to put on,
The Man's retir'd, but not the Lover gone.
Take counsel what attire becomes you best,
And with a Charming negligence be drest.
If negligence becomes not your Attire,
Then in the Pride of Pompous Garments Fire.
Shew your Fair Neck, your tempting Bosom bare,
And let Gemms deck your Ornamental Hair.
Retir'd, unseen, the lovely Warriours Arm,
When drest, at once with new surprize you Charm
As Light'ning, Flashing fast from Pole to Pole,
Strikes quick the Eye, so Beauty strikes the Soul.

With

With glancing Light, the subtil Flashes fly,
 Yet are they temper'd in the gloomy Sky.
 We know not whence they Issue, but we know,
 We must admire whatever strikes us so.
 You may in splendid Theaters behold,
 The gilded Columns show like massy Gold.
 The Men, who act for Bread, talk loud, grow vain,
 And three big Hours of empty greatness reign.
 Yet till this Pomp of folly be prepar'd,
 The longing Guests are of all view debarr'd.

Love's

Love's Warefare.

Now ye are Arm'd, ye Charming Maids, repair,
To Beauty's Camps, and Fight, and Conquer
(there.

In martial Fields the bold successful prove ;
You must seem tim'rous, to succeed in Love.
Beauty, as cowardize, sometimes prevails ;
False flights oft conquer, when true courage fails.
Let Looks and Smiles in subtil ambush ly,
Seem always Flying, yet scarce ever Fly.

Sing

Sing, Dance, be Airey, put on all your Aires,

Your easy Mirth shall cause the Lovers cares.

Thus shall you give those Wounds your Eyes ne're
(meant ;

The Bow of *Cupid* never stands unbent.

The random Arrow, strikes with more surprize,

More force, when Wing'd with negligence it flies.

When on the Rock *Andromeda* was bound,

She waited Death, yet there her Lover found,

Wounding him first, who did the Monster wound. }

Modest

Modest Pride.

S Eem Proud, yet humble too ; let never Pride,
 Shown in the silent Face, the softness hide.
 To Minds too haughty Love has seldom bow'd,
 Be near at distance, modestly be Proud.

*Trust to my skill, in spite of precepts past,
 And you shall conquer, tho' to yield at last.*

Sometimes, soft things in Tragedies rehearse,
 And make the Poet happy in his Verse.
 Smiling sometimes, in whispering accents bear
 Some Trifling saying, to some Neighb'ring fair,

The

The Lover than, unknowing what you said;
Smiles too, and fancies some fine Jest was made:

You, from your own impertinencies know,
He makes the Jest, when e're he fancies so.

Read Poetry, the mighty *Dryden* Read,

Let *Congreve* next, and *Wicherly* succeed.

Read *Cowley* Living still, Read *Otway*, *Lee*,

Read Elder *Hopkins*, with those lofty three,

And if you please, at leisure Hours, —Read me.

The Muses works may shorten tedious Days,

And when the Evening calls, repair to Plays.

Retir'd at home, be oft, and oft deny'd,

And let indifference act the part of Pride.

The easy grant the price of bliss destroys,

Man ever least esteems what he enjoys.

Repulse sometimes makes Love more fierce re-
(bound,

As Balls rise highest struck on Stony Ground.

Let

Let the fond Lover, curse the cruel Door,
Do humbly much, but in his threats much more,
The taste of bitter things can Sweets renew ;
Winds sink that Ship sometimes, by which it flew,

The

The Visit.

R Eceive the Visit, which the Youth shall make;
Be seen, as if by chance, or by mistake.

Play with your Fan, call for your Coach, your Chair,
Be just going out to take the Air.

Pretend some Visits, which must needs be made,
And his you can't receive, till those be paid.

Business pretend, or Sickness, seem in haste,
Have many things to do ; some Minutes past,
Tis late you know, you may do none at last.

C

You

You think the Weather dull, 'tis Cold, if not,
But you would change it spite of Heaven, ——'tis
(hot.
Say any thing impertinence can move,
Enquire the news ; he answers you, 'tis Love.
Hear all he says, sit in some distant place,
While his Eyes fasten on your Charming Face.

Silence.

Silence.

Altho' you hear, seem not at all to heed,
So while you wound him, he shall inward
(Bleed.

Thus while you muse, the Youth shall softly press,
Nearer, and nearer to a close address.

ice. Whilst in your Thoughts you seem your self to lose
You find your Lover there, who tells his News ;
On weightier things, your solid Mind was bent,
You hear'd not what he said, you knew not what he
(meant,

Let him talk on, and ask, and answer too,

He need not hope to have a word from you.

Yet you may smile, when next you hear him speak,

And let some tune in thoughtless accents break.

Now, you may Sigh, as he approaches near,

Now shall he press, now shall you cry, forbear,

You Frown, he Loves, you Laugh, and he shall Swear.

O Love ! O Folly ! O dissembling Maid !

O Man ! whose Strength by Weakness is betray'd,

Caught in those Nets for subtil Women laid.

Trust to my skill, in spite of precepts past,

And you shall Conquer, but to yield at last.

He asks you now, what 'tis employs your thought

And wonders what has such deep silence wrought.

Inward he struggles, not resolv'd by you.
Longing to know, yet he grows silent too ;
With Burning Pains, now makes his Passion known,
Rack'd with your silence long, and with his own.
He Loves, he Loves, again, again he cries,
Consults you oft, but you make no replies.

The Answer.

When grown by tedious repetition dull,
Thus at the last, you answer him in full.
What is this strange request which you have made?
What is it Sir, I know not what you said?
O Blest Dissimulation of the Sex!
Who can Mankind by carelessness perplex,
O Glorious Sense, of Ignorance in shew!
Which makes *us* Fools, while *you* act Folly so.

O happy Art of Nature! Which can wind,
 And turn ten Thousand ways the changing Mind.
 Your folly thus, Man's Wisdom can confound,
 And cast his baffled Eyes and Senses on the Ground.
 Happy that Wit, which is in silence shown.
 More than in all the works of Poets known.
Amasia thus receiv'd her Lover's suit,
 Thus did her silence my weak words confute,
 And when she spoke, all Sense,---but Love was mute.
 Even Love it self by silence was express'd,
 I only Vow'd I Lov'd, and look'd the rest.
 Against himself his Foes the Poet Arms,
 Like Beauty seen, silence in Beauty Charms.

Beauty's describ'd only by being seen,
 And silence speaks, lodg'd in the Beaute ous Mien.
 When importunity at last prevails,
 The charming turn of answers never fails ;
 When forc'd to answer thousand Queries past,
 You can reply with questions at the last.

The Penalty.

WELL, 'tis suppo'd you have confest you hear'd,
Let now the Lover be of speech debarr'd.

Lock up his Lips, lock up thy injur'd Ear,
He has said things a Virgin should not hear.

He must be silent you must else remove;
For he grew Impudent and talk'd of Love.

The Youth stands Speechless, nor dares think of
(Bliss,

His Lips are Seal'd, but Seal'd without a Kiss.

Trust

*Trust to my skill, in spite of Precepts past,
And you shall Conquer, tho' to yield at last.*

The Lover now believes his Passion curst,
And he will speak, for he has felt the worst.
His fears now urge him most, when most they away,
As Cowards from despair can Courage draw.
Use him like Cowards, all his rage controul,
And wound him, wound the Rebel to the Soul.
Tell him, himself alone he must deceive,
For 'tis Impossible you should believe.
Tis time to Visit now, you must not stay,
Send him once more with kinder looks away.

*He goes but to return? why, let him go;
He's yours,—or of you please, he may be so.*

Department.

Deportment.

THe Day grows fair, your Coach, or Chair may
(wait,

And you may walk, if graceful in your Gate.

See how R——b displays her stately Mind,

Hów, in the Pride of Steps, the haughty Wind

Swells her loose Robes before her, and behind. }

I———n there, trips nimbly o're the Park.

As if she feared to disappoint some spark.

C———l demurely on the Ground does look,

As if she measur'd every Step she took.

That

That hasty *H*—there walks, as if she ran,
And whisks her Eyes, and brandishes her Fan.

The Tall Walk slowly, others Walk apace,
Each movement, every gesture has its grace,
Men are not always Charm'd with but a Face.

Consult that Gate, which suits your Stature best,
Walk but to please your self, nor doubt the rest.

Humour.

Humour.

You who have change of Garments changes wear
And Daily deck in various forms you Hair.

Change too your Humours as your Dress your changes,
The *Lyon* always does not furious Range:

Let your mild Air sometimes compassion move,
Sometimes disdain, yet ever mingling Love.

Now Pleas'd, now Vex'd, now Aiery, and then Sad,
Now very thoughtful, and now very Mad.

A thousand Humours move a thousand ways,
For most of all, Variety must please.

The

The Charmer.

A *Mafia* thus could every Passion wear,
 She wore all Charms in her expressive Air,
 But Love—fond Love, alas! was never there,
 Her every Passion did my sense controul,
 But Love alone possess her Lover's Soul.
 Love and Despair in me one Passion grew,
 I ne'er knew Love but when Despair I knew,
 She Smil'd,—yet while that Sunshine was display'd,
 Despairing Love gloom'd in a thicker Shade.
 She Smil'd—and strait my hopes like Phantoms flee.
 For Oh! she never, never Smil'd on me.

Smiles

Smiles.

SMile Charming Beauty, change from Smiles to
(Smiles,

A thousand Glories Gild the tempting Wiles,

Smile on, Aerial Beauties we shall Trace,

While Paradise fits Blooming in your Face.

Whilst Charms thus Lovely all your Features Crown,

Thus whilst you Smile, Ah! Who can bid you
(Frown?

Frowns.

Frowns.

THe Sun's o're cast, the fullen gloom's display'd,
Awfull the Frowns, behold the Frowning Maid.

Jove dwells not ever in the Skies serene.

But Storms sometimes in a Tempestuous scene.

The Light'nings first Flash from the shining Cloud,

But as the Light'nings fly, Heaven Thunders loud.

Tempests at Sea, serve to endear the Shore;

If Gods ne'er Thunder'd, Men would scarce adore.

But

But now, 'tis time your fury were appeas'd,
 The Youth shall offer incense, You be pleas'd.
 In Tears he comes to pacify your Rage,
 And falling Show'rs ev'n Thunder can assuage.

Belief.

See how he Weeps, I know the Youth sincere }
 He Loves, he Vows, and offers up his Prayer, }
 He's True ; believe him True, as you are Fair.
 He begs you would his Racking Pains relieve,
 Believe—how can it hurt you to believe ?
 Tis no uncommon, no new Suit he moves,
 He only begs you would believe he Loves.

Grant the request he does so oft implore,
 But let him know, he must expect no more.
 Inwards he's Ravish'd that you think him true,
 The Coast of Love he does more swift pursue ;
 For still one Grant prepares the way for New.
 Mow fresh desires spread full his Passion's Sails,
 He Sighs, and Steers his Passage thro' the Gales.

*Trust to my skill, in spite of Precepts past,
 And you shall Conquer, tho' to yield at last.*

If you are full convinc'd he does not feign,
 If the Youth Loves, he should be Lov'd again.
 A thousand, thousand ways there are to try,
 One word implies them all and that's Deny.
 Grant, or Deniall, in succession, Burns,
 Like the twin Stars, that mount the Skies by
 (turns :



Ensign
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